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Decisive Factors Next Thursday

WHILE City gentlemen continue to wager contentedly on a safe Tory win for October 25, the study of reality at ground level increasingly throws doubt on their complacency. From a starting-point of gloom and despondency, the Labour Movement has rounded the first lap of the electoral race to find itself in much better condition than it expected. There is indeed a good deal of evidence from many "difficult" constituencies to show that the Movement is running harder than in 1950, and with more determination that it shall win. The sample-poll experts may indulge in cubed calculations about Labour's chances of "narrowing the gap" between itself and a large hypothetical Conservative lead: in the day-to-day reality, once again, canvassers, candidates and party workers are finding themselves in many cases—and, let it be admitted, sometimes to their own surprise—ahead of their positions in the 1950 campaign. This election, in short, promises results for Labour which may have seemed impossible only a few weeks ago.

The sample-polls, even when made the basis for the most ingenious of calculations, are not likely to tell us much about this election. Too many factors are unknown, and perhaps unknowable. In 1950, nearly 500 Liberal candidates polled over two-and-a-half million votes. This time there are only 108 Liberal candidates; and it is anybody's guess how many Liberals will vote Tory or Labour or simply abstain, and, even more speculative, how the Liberal vote will be distributed in different areas. Will the deliberately restrained tactics of the Conservative machine succeed in their object of preventing the Labour Party from "getting out" its full potential vote? Will the successes of the Bevanites at Scarborough frighten doubtful voters into the Tory camp? How many floating voters will finally sink and how many land on one shore or the other?

Predictions would indeed be rash. But in our experience the campaign has revealed two factors which seem likely to count heavily for Labour. The first, hard to measure but certainly of great significance, is a widespread though often undefined suspicion that the chances of war will be notably less under a Labour than a Conservative Government. When it comes to the point, many people who might otherwise vote Conservative, through discontent at rising prices or thoughtless desire for "a change," may feel themselves safer in voting Labour. Moderation and caution in Conservative pronouncements suggest that Mr. Churchill and his colleagues have seen this danger. The Tory line that Labour is "scuttling" in the Middle East is notably less stressed than it was in the opening phases of the campaign.

A second factor which is likely to help the Labour Party is the undoubtedly greater energy and resolution that rank-and-file Labour organisations are showing throughout the country. The election remains astonishingly quiet, but it is also thoughtful and not at all "apathetic." Many Labour Parties fighting marginal seats are finding themselves with a much more effective trade union support than in 1950. Local parties, especially in rural areas, are working harder than before. Stung by the easy assumption of Tory speakers and newspapers that Labour is going to lose, and lose heavily, the Movement has be-stirred itself in a quiet determined manner. The latest Gallup probe shows that 18 per cent. of Labour supporters nevertheless expect a Churchill victory. This pessimism is only important if defeatism prevents Labour votes being cast. It is vital to remember that though hopes may be dupes, fears may be liars.

Murder of a Premier

The murder of the Pakistan Premier is a tragic piece of folly and wickedness. We are still without certain knowledge of the motives of the Moslem assassin, who was torn to pieces by the crowd, but it seems probable that he was inspired by a hatred of Liaquat's moderation and statesmanship, and that the result can only be to make a settlement with India over the Kashmir issue more difficult than it was before. Liaquat was a strong Pakistan nationalist, but he did not suffer from that narrow bitterness which made Jinnah so disastrous an influence, and he was able, in spite of the fanaticism around him, to meet Pandit Nehru on occasion and settle problems which the extreme nationalists on both sides of the frontier had declared to be insoluble. His death must make it more difficult to carry out the proposals of Mr. Graham, the United Nations representative who has now reported on the Kashmir problem. He recommends that the U.N. should continue to let him mediate while the Assembly is in session; that Kashmir should be progressively demilitarised and nationalist propaganda curbed within Pakistan and India. These recommendations do not even pretend to be solutions to the problem, but, if they are carried out, they will create an atmosphere in which a solution is more possible. The murder of the Premier of Pakistan is a further setback to peace, and much now depends on the wisdom of Khwaja Nazimuddin, who now takes Liaquat's place.

All-German Talks?

The East German Government has not turned down the West German Government's "fourteen conditions" for the holding of all-German elections and the eventual formation of an all-German Government. But it has not accepted them either. President Pieck has instead come forward with a new concession to Bonn—that all-German talks should be held "unconditionally": the East Germans, that is, abandon their earlier insistence that Bonn should stop its present negotiations with the three Western Powers. To make the offer of all-German talks still more tempting, the Minister for Economic Planning, Herr Heinrich Rau, has followed up this concession by holding out the prospect of a trade agreement for Western Germany not only with Eastern Germany but also with the countries of Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union, and China. Although such trade agreements would make hay of Washington's persistent policy of blockading the Soviet sphere, they would solve many pressing problems of employment in Western Germany, and are undoubtedly very attractive to West German industrialists and business men as well as to the West German trade unions. Bonn meanwhile shows no disposition to discuss Grotewohl's "reasonable terms." Adenauer's latest comment on the question of German unity was a speech last Sunday in which he went out of his way to "assure" his hearers that German unity, for him, included the Polish-annexed areas to the East of the Oder-Neisse frontier. In spite of this, however, it is still possible that negotiations of some kind will manage to take place.

Whom Did the Greek Elect?

Athens is finding it difficult not only to form a new Government, but even a new Parliament. The credentials of about half the Members returned in last month's General Election had still to be confirmed when Parliament opened officially on October 10; and now it seems that electoral complexities, and perhaps irregularities, have made it necessary to re-examine the credentials of many new Members. Some forty days after the election the electors still do not know with any certainty whom they have elected. It is still possible that the authorities will observe the constitution of Greece and permit the elected political exiles to take their seats, or at least some of them. Seven of these elected exiles, including General Sarafis, have now received permission to come to Athens from their place of exile on the island of Aghios Evstratios for two weeks, in order to present their case before the Electoral Court. Ambatielos and Glezos, two other elected prisoners, are not among the seven, although their credentials were apparently good enough for the courts of first instance to allow them to stand for election. Glezos is in especially dangerous plight. Sick with tuberculosis from long imprisonment under the Germans and later under his own fellow-countrymen, this hero of the war of resistance began a hunger strike on October 8 in protest against the refusal of the authorities to allow him to take his seat in Parliament (he was elected by 27,000 votes). If he is to be saved, urgent pressure is needed on the Athens Government.

Crisis in Electricity

The warning contained in the report of the British Electricity Authority, published last week-end, is the clearest indication yet given to the public of what it has to expect as a consequence of intensive rearmament. Even before rearmament came into the picture the public had been told that frequent load-shedding could not be expected to end for several years, and that occasional load-shedding was likely to go on into the late 'fifties. Rearmament has now added a new demand for electric current and has at the same time reduced the available supplies of materials and of labour for the construction of new plant. The day when there will be enough electricity to meet the demand has receded indefinitely, and the shortage will not only inconvenience consumers very seriously, but also delay the mechanisation of industry and hold up the advance in productivity.

There is not even any assurance that the reduced rate of capital development decreed by the Government on account of rearmament will be actually achieved. Lord Citrine states that work has recently been interrupted at eleven power-stations for lack of materials; and there is a growing risk of breakdowns, as much of the existing plant has already far exceeded the normal expectation of life. The report is right in claiming top priority, within the total capital allocation, for supplies of electric power-station plant and building. Industrial potential—including rearmament itself—depends on adequate supplies of power; and failure in this field will bring all other production plans crashing.

Whither Africa?

Not for a long time—and perhaps not since E. D. Morel's great agitation about labour in the Belgian Congo forty years ago—has British public opinion taken as lively an interest in colonial Africa as at present. There are several obvious reasons. Africa, as the authors of a Penguin Special, *Attitude to Africa*, point out, "is the last remaining great colonial domain of the European Powers." That being so, "one of the greatest problems for Western statesmanship to-day is to anticipate, control and guide the forces of nationalism and social revolution in Africa, so that the inevitable transition towards political autonomy and a more industrialised economy may come with as little friction and upheaval as possible." The four authors of this provocative and useful little book, Professor Arthur Lewis, the Rev. Michael Scott, Mr. Martin Wight, and Mr. Colin Legum, take it for granted that African colonial territories with large Native majorities will gain self-government and independence at some time in the not-distant future. They press for a "clear and uncompromising declaration of the aims to which Britain is committed in the plural societies of East and Central Africa"; and although their hope of achieving such a declaration through an all-party compromise may seem to some of us remote and unreal, there is no doubt that they have touched on the heart of the matter. At this stage in history, what do the British people want to do with their African colonies? Is the British electorate to answer this question for itself, deliberately and intelligently, or are events to be left to throw the answer in our faces?

France and German Unity

Our Paris correspondent writes: On all levels in Paris discussions are continuing round the problem of German unity, raised with such "brutality"—as the French would say—by Grotewohl. To Frenchmen it is more important than Iran or Egypt—though the "revolt of Islam" is something France cannot ignore, with French North Africa "next." But Germany is even nearer home, and what is happening there has shaken the French more than anything has for a long time. Not that all reactions to "German unity" are the same; far from it. Fundamentally, everybody in France who remembers the division of France into two zones agrees that the drift towards German unity is something natural. But, having accepted this, there are those who consider that it is not only natural, but also, sooner or later, inevitable, and that France's policy should consist in deriving the greatest benefit from this unity.

This is notably the view forcibly expressed by M. Robert Borel, in the *Monde*, and shared, it seems, by far more French political leaders than would like to admit to it openly. At the other extreme is the view, expressed, for example, by M. Servan Schreiber in the pro-American *Paris-Presse*, that, whether German unity is "natural" or not, it must be prevented at any price. German unity, to him, means German neutrality. This, in itself, means a death blow to the European Army and to the Schuman Plan; without a substantial West German contribution a European Army will be out of the question; France will inevitably also become neutral, and the whole of Western Europe will consequently be thrown open to a Soviet invasion, with America washing her hands of it in disgust. Therefore, whatever the private hankerings of the German people, France must impose on West Germany the acceptance of a West European Federation, complete with a Federal Army.

M. Borel, on the other hand, starts with a point conveniently overlooked by M. Schreiber, namely, that Western Germany is infinitely more interested in joining up with Eastern Germany than with France and Benelux. Also, the two writers' arguments start from different premises. M. Schreiber assumes that the Russians want to invade Western Europe, and will certainly do it if they have enough atom bombs by 1953 or 1954 and if there is no adequate land army in the West to stop them. M. Borel, on the contrary, assumes—and comes closer in this than M. Schreiber to the official French view—that Russia does not want a world war, either now or later; and that, moreover, the United States—whether it likes it or not—must inevitably consider a Russian attack on Western Europe as a *casus belli*. He therefore sees the possibility of a lasting peace between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. in the creation of a neutral belt in Europe—stretching from Sweden to Yugoslavia and comprising Germany, Austria and Switzerland, and in the subsequent extension of this "neutral zone" to the whole of Western Europe.

In Washington all this must sound like a dangerous heresy; in France, however, the prospect of a united Germany has made the French public less sure than ever that an all-out rearmament effort by the Western democracies is necessarily the best means of avoiding a war. As for "winning" it, France isn't really interested. The main snag about the "unity" of Germany is the question whether adequate guarantees can be secured against her "spontaneous" rearmament later; and American unwillingness to enter into any such arrangement would, naturally, jeopardise any "neutral" solution to the German problem.

The Gambit in Egypt

THERE is no mystery about the immediate motives and calculations which have led the Egyptian Parliament this week to pass unanimously Bills abrogating the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936 and the 1899 Sudan Condominium Agreement; nor is it a matter for surprise that the first Egyptian reaction to the new British proposals for the international control of the Suez Canal area and the future status of the Sudan should have been a brusque rejection. Having secured his flank by restoring friendly relations with the Palace, soon after his return to office in January, 1950, Nahas Pasha clearly thought the moment ripe to make a bid for popularity—one which would redound to the prestige of the Wafd, provide a satisfying meal for nationalist appetites, and cancel out the blunders and humiliations of the unsuccessful Palestinian campaign. It did not need the British abandonment of the Persian oilfields to persuade the Wafd that the moment was propitious for action; nor need it be supposed that Egypt is relying primarily on the fact that the United States, still confused in its Middle Eastern policy between traditional support of nationalism against British Imperialism, on the one hand, and its desire to build an anti-Soviet fortress, on the other, is displaying a lukewarm disinterestedness in the rights and wrongs of the Sudanese issue. Egyptian statesmen have for years been watching cynically and hopefully the jealousies and rivalries of the Western Powers both in the Levant and further East. They would indeed have been blind not to see that two world wars have broken down the dominant position of the old Empires. They know that to-day minor Powers, which have been subjected to Imperialist dictatorship in the past, have a unique opportunity for changing their status among the nations, now re-grouping in the struggle for world power between America and the Soviet Union.

One may argue that Egypt benefited by exchanging Ottoman suzerainty for British occupation. One may ask the Egyptians also to concede that in 1936 the British Government did make a sincere effort to place Anglo-Egyptian relations on an agreed, acceptable basis, which at that time the Wafd itself endorsed. The fact remains that to-day the presence of a British garrison on the Suez Canal is universally regarded in Egypt as the hateful symbol of an intolerable foreign domination. Recently there has been new cause for bitterness in Britain's change of front over Palestine, and deep suspicion of what seems in Cairo to be British reluctance to make good in practice, by giving up control of the Sudan, the principle (which we professed to recognise) of the unity of the Nile Valley. But, perhaps the strongest emotion behind the demand for "independence" is the feeling that Egypt has twice been used by Britain as a pawn in world war. Neither the Palace nor the Wafd has forgotten the ultimatum, backed by British tanks, delivered to King Farouk in 1942. What was left after that, it is asked in Cairo, of the "honourable copartnership" which the 1936 Treaty promised? And by what title do the British now claim the Olympian right not merely to dominate in the Sudan the essential water supply of Egypt but to "defend" Egypt herself, whether the Egyptians want to be defended or not?

Mr. Morrison has rightly said that the British Government is not prepared to "sell" the Sudanese against their will as the price for securing, either for Britain or the North Atlantic Powers, a military base in Egypt. If there be any political morality left in a world engaged in Cold War, this statement of principle can hardly be challenged. There may be difficulties in ascertaining the real will of the Sudanese. The Umma Party, standing for unequivocal Sudanese independence, might temporarily make common cause with the pro-Egyptian Ishigga Party in voting for British withdrawal at the cost of acquiescing in what it might hope would be transitory Egyptian overlordship: its calculation may well be that, once British imperialism has gone, it may be easier to challenge a weaker Egyptian imperialism. It would be idle, however, to go on pretending that the 1899 Condominium Agreement, now that it has been denounced by Egypt, is any longer an effective instrument. And, that being so, the most hopeful course, we suggest, is that Britain should propose the immediate transfer of the Sudan to U.N. trusteeship, as a step to full self-government by the end, say, of 1952.

The question of the Suez Canal—only linked to that of the Sudan in the present exercise in hard bargaining—raises different and far reaching world issues. The Canal is not simply a national issue between the British Empire and the Government of Egypt. There are some areas, world highways and waterways, which in the twentieth century cannot properly be controlled by any single Power. The Suez Canal is one, Panama, Gibraltar and the Dardanelles belong to the same category. It is natural that the Egyptians should want to clear out British troops and also that, if the British troops are attacked, they should defend themselves. Similarly British statesmen, even if anti-Imperialist in outlook, will be compelled to adopt a posture of national self-defence if Nahas Pasha, mainly, no doubt, for internal reasons, abruptly rejects proposals for a settlement and talks only in terms of force. Yet sooner or later everyone knows that the solution must be a world and not an Anglo-Egyptian one.

If the United Nations were the world organisation that it is supposed to be, the next step would be immediately to pass over to the Security Council the task of turning Suez and other world highways into international neutralised zones. Even as things are, this solution may not be impossible. All the British political parties, as well as the American Administration in some of its moods, talk in terms of an effort to obtain a world settlement with Stalin. The problem of Suez resembles that of Germany in that it is still undecided, and, as long as it remains so, may be used as a powerful bargaining counter in any discussions with the Soviet Union. Once partitioned Germany is finally rearmed East and West, the chance of bargaining will be lost. Similarly, once the Suez Canal is turned into a vast military base for the Western Powers against the Soviet Union, the hope of any constructive settlement in the Middle East is gone. Inevitably, if the Cold War continues, the Canal area will become a huge Western, mainly American, military fortress. If, on the other hand, Cold War gives way to some measure of co-operation, it is possible to suggest an international solution highly beneficial to Egypt and not at all inconsistent with Egyptian neutrality, if that is indeed Cairo's desire. The purely nationalist shouting, on both sides, is part of the dangerous and out-of-date hangover from Imperial relations that belong to the past

Economy Without Tears

LAST week the *Economist*, berating both the main parties for their want of realism in facing the problems of inflation, put forward a sharply worded demand for the abolition of subsidies not only on food but also on house-rents and, by implication, for the abrogation of the Rent Restriction Acts as well. It is a fallacy, the *Economist* argued, to suppose that these subsidies actually benefit the poorer classes, who would do better if they were taxed less and had to pay the full economic price for everything they consume. How this conclusion was reached is not too clear; for the article began with a categorical assertion of the need to reduce total consumption in order to combat inflation, and with a denial that the necessary measures against inflation could be taken by cutting capital expenditure. The subsidies, the *Economist* said, constitute a definite encouragement to consumption; but, in view of the shortage of necessaries, the surplus purchasing power created by the subsidies spills over into non-essentials. Moreover, rent restriction and rent subsidies, it is urged, lead to wasteful use of house-room, whereas if a full economic rent had to be paid many people would release housing space by moving into smaller houses or by taking lodgers, and the housing problem would be solved in a trice. Charging the full economic price for food would make it possible to abolish rationing, and a reduction of taxation by the full amount of the abolished subsidies would leave the poor with more money to spend as they please.

It is no doubt perfectly true that the poorer sections of the community would not necessarily be worse off if the food subsidies were abolished and the extra sums thus saved by the State were used to add to their spendable incomes, either by suitably adjusted tax remissions or by the provision of alternative services. This, however, is a very big "if"; and that this is what the *Economist* really has in mind does not seem to fit in with its insistence that the effect of the tax remissions would be largely to increase private savings. As for the housing subsidies and the abolition of rent control, the immediate effect would be to put huge sums into the pockets of private landlords, to compel local authorities to raise rents to a level far beyond what many of their tenants could afford, and to divert new building from meeting the more urgent demands to providing for those with the

largest ability to pay; indeed, house-building would probably give place to other, less urgent forms of construction. The combined effect of abolishing both forms of subsidy would be to stimulate wage-demands on an unprecedented scale from every organized body of wage-earners. This would either ruin the social groups dependent on pensions and small relatively fixed incomes or compel the State to pay out immensely increased sums in allowances.

Indeed, the entire argument is either disingenuous or entirely unrealistic. It is indisputable that rearmament means a fall in the standard of living of the British people. It is true, as the *Economist* says, that the official utterances of both the great parties first admit this, by calling on everyone for "sacrifices," and then go on to imply that, by some alchemy, standards of living can be kept unimpaired, if only the right party is allowed to govern the country. The real question, if the Cold War is allowed to go on getting hotter and hotter, is not whether standards of living will have to fall, but how the unavoidable burdens are to be distributed. Abolition of the food subsidies would put an additional burden of £410 millions a year on the consumers—most of it on the wage-earners. This is nearly ten per cent. of the current wage-bill of the country; and the addition of much higher rents would intensify the consumers' problem. The consumers would be called upon to pay the whole of these increased charges; but tax remissions, even if they accrued entirely to the poorer classes, could presumably not exceed the amount which the State itself would save, and would have to be used largely in meeting the just claims of pensioners, parents, and other groups specially affected by the increases of living costs. The main body of wage-earners would thus be left to endeavour to maintain their position by seeking wage-advances, which could not be refused without a battle royal with the trade unions—disastrous for the country.

The *Economist* professes not to be attacking the basis of the Welfare State. Arguing that economies could be made in expenditure in the public welfare services, it admits that worthwhile savings in this field could not be large enough to solve the problem, and concludes that the main cuts must be made in the amounts transferred by Government action from one class of the community to another. As these cuts cannot be made at the expense of pensioners and other necessitous groups, it follows that they must be made mainly at the expense of the wage-earners. If, however, there is to be a return to the full rigour of a "market economy" in this respect, it follows logically that wages too must be allowed to find their own level in accordance with the laws of supply and demand. How these laws would operate in an economy in which the supply of labour is well short of the demand for it, no one can say from experience. The *Economist's* often uttered preference for a return to a condition of moderate unemployment is not mentioned in the article we are now discussing; but without such a fall in the demand for labour it is not easy to see how the trade unions could be prevented, except by sheer repression, from going out for the largest possible increases in the workers' pay packets. The effect, unless the unions' power was broken by Government action, would be, not to curb inflation, but to make it a great deal worse.

To oppose the *Economist's* wrong-headed proposals is not to deny that a really serious situation exists. In face of the rise in import prices, of the direct costs of rearmament, of the diversion of productive resources from producing the most suitable goods for export, and of the re-entry of Germany and Japan as powerful competitors in international trade, Great Britain is facing a gloomy economic prospect, and is living beyond its present and prospective national income. This has happened, very quickly, partly through forces beyond our control, but also partly because we have allowed ourselves to be "pressured" by the Americans into an armament programme which we have not the means to finance. The *Economist*, while it utters occasional warnings to the Americans of the dangers of further forcing the pace, takes this heavily incurred spending on armaments as a datum, and then proceeds to inquire what else must be cut in order to make it possible. We, on the other hand, argue that the armaments programme ought to be drastically scaled down, despite American pressure, and that there is no other way for the British people to mitigate the fall in their standards. We cannot hope to prevent it: some fall is inevitable if the Americans continue to absorb for the purposes of their immense armament programme an increasing share of limited world resources.

As long as this situation continues, the subsidies should continue as well, in order to avoid the immense dislocation which their abolition would involve. When we are in a position again to improve our standards it may be desirable to consider whether the sums spent on food subsidies, or some part of them, could not be spent better in other ways; but even in such a situation only a great fall in building costs could make it possible to give up rent subsidies without undermining the foundations of the Welfare State. We are unmoved by the argument, advanced by Mr. Colin Clark and now reiterated by the *Economist*, that there is some absolute limit to taxable capacity. It may, indeed, be that the raising of taxation beyond certain limits is inconsistent with the maintenance of the capitalist system in its traditional form, because its effect is to discourage forms of risk-taking which depend on the possibility of reaping inordinate net profits. But the history of British capitalism between the wars shows clearly enough that the maintenance of a high level of well-directed investment, designed to increase productive capacity, is the last result to be looked for from a withdrawal of the State from economic planning and a return to the governance of the price-mechanism.

The *Economist*, indeed, falls in this article into precisely the same unreality as it attributes to the political parties. It begins by arguing that consumption must be reduced, and then tries to show that nobody need be any the worse off in consequence. Whoever talks in this way is talking obscurantist nonsense. The politicians may have some excuse, because they are bidding against each other for the votes of the people. The *Economist*, with its professions of standing above the battle, has none.

London Diary

SELDOM has a book been published quite so pat on the moment as *Poverty and the Welfare State* by Seebohm Rowntree and G. R. Lavers (*Longmans*, 7s. 6d.). Here, in the middle of the election campaign, is published a completely non-partisan, scientific and incontrovertible demonstration of what the Welfare State means to the British people. The authority of Mr. Rowntree's periodic surveys on conditions in York is beyond dispute. He now shows that two people out of eleven were below his very strictly defined poverty line in 1936; to-day the figure is two out of 118. Just about one-tenth. He adds that, satisfactory though the fall from 17,185 to 1,746 is, it does not give full justice to the actual improvement since the very few people who are still below the poverty line to-day suffer much less than those in a corresponding position in 1936. This is due, he says, to "the welfare measures that have alleviated poverty even if they have not been able to cure it." Poverty in 1950, as *The Times* remarks, seems to be virtually abolished, at least in York—a fairly typical large town. I am glad these figures have been published because they should effectively dispose of the one kind of electoral propaganda I find intolerable. There are still some middle-class persons who persuade themselves that petty restrictions on their own way of life mean that the people of England are worse off than they were.

* * *

I recall the excitement at the elections of my boyhood—the first when the Liberals joyously kicked out the Tories in 1906, and then the two in 1910 when Lloyd George smashed the landlords, the Tories, and the House of Lords. After that there was 1918 when Lloyd George and the Tories together smashed the Liberals; 1923 and 1929 when interest centred on the growth of the Labour Party; and 1924, 1931 and 1935 when the Conservatives outwitted Labour and, finally, 1945 when the fruits of many years' campaigning for Socialism succeeded in producing a Government which believed in the Welfare State. Always, in all these elections there were flags and singing and great excitement. So far, this 1951 election reminds me more of a rather exceptional Sunday when, for some reason or other, people have decided to go to church or Sunday school. The Conservatives go to the Anglican service and the Labour people sit to hear the Word from Socialist lay preachers. True, I met one Conservative after one meeting I addressed who came up and told me that he was a reader of this journal, that there was a lot in what I said, but being a stockbroker, he must vote Tory. At another meeting a backbencher thought that Britain ought to have got out of Persia "gracefully." This delighted the audience who did not see how the difficult but necessary operation of packing up because you are told to go can fail to involve some loss of dignity. All those people, said a friend of mine, are waiting for a revival of faith. And the revivalist has got to be a moralist. Most of them believe that the *right* is on Labour's side; they do not want to imitate the national and class selfishness now blatantly

preached on many Tory platforms. They need a new, ethical statement of Socialism that will carry them on to a new peak beyond the present unsatisfactory halting place.

* * *

I hate to admit it, but the Gallup Poll's estimate of how the Liberals will vote is precisely that of my own non-scientific spies who have to rely on a smaller "random sample"—aided, of course, by intuition. According to the *News Chronicle* report of the Poll, if no Liberal is standing, 29 per cent. will vote Conservative, 23 per cent. Labour, 28 per cent. have not made up their minds and 20 per cent. won't vote at all. A report sent to me from Lancashire and Yorkshire also reckons that one-fifth of the Liberal voters of 1950 "will spend October 25, with dignity, if not happily, at home." These are the men of "pride and principle" whose nineteenth-century Liberal faith has not been changed. Then there are those Liberals who voted for Labour in 1945 and who won't go Tory even though they are disgruntled with some aspects of Labour policy. A Carter Paterson driver who found road transport less efficient since nationalisation; a waiter in a temperance hotel who couldn't make ends meet on his wage and was angry because recent increases applied only to licensed premises; a young architect who thought the designs of Council houses timid and Labour-appointed bureaucrats unreceptive to new ideas—here are three typical people who, my friend says, voted Liberal last year, can't do so this and are now unhappy and still undecided. These voters do not like Tory capitalists but they are afraid of trade unions. This is a common view amongst housewives. The candidate who wins their votes will often be the man who sounds sympathetic to sectional or individual grievances, who promises to examine a case on its merits, who is—highest praise from a Liberal—open-minded.

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The Gallup Poll fails, of course, in not being able to prophesy how the Liberal votes will fall in different constituencies. In cotton towns Liberal votes are said to be divided about fifty-fifty. In Yorkshire the Liberals are expected to come down heavily on the Tory side, even though they admit that the Welfare State is a natural development from the great days of pre-1914 Liberal reformism. In Bolton and Huddersfield there is an open pact between the anti-Socialist parties. In the West of England, and, indeed, wherever Liberalism has in the past represented the small man's non-conformist revolt against Church and State, Labour may hope to inherit most of the radical Liberal vote.

* * *

The case of Lady Violet Bonham Carter in Colne Valley stands on a special footing. She campaigns without Conservative speakers—apart, of course, from the enthusiastic platform support of Mr. Churchill himself. She is herself an extremely fine speaker, technically one of the best in the country. It was inaccurate to talk, as this journal did last week, of Lady Violet "accepting Mr. Churchill as her leader," but a friend who heard her talk to a crowded hall the other night says that there was not a phrase in her speech that could not be echoed by an orthodox Tory. She makes no secret of her desire for a Conservative Government at this time, and when a questioner asked her the difference between a Liberal and a Tory she replied by listing the points of identity. If Lady Violet is returned, one of the attractions of the House should be the conflict between her and Lady Megan. It is certainly a novelty for a great schism between two famous party leaders of thirty years ago to be perpetuated in the House of Commons by their daughters. And the situation is made even more piquant by the fact that Lady Violet is just as Conservative as Lord Oxford was in his later days and Lady Megan just as Radical as Lloyd George was in his palmiest days.

* * *

Out of England, I missed the sad news of Will Arnold-Forster's death. He was the remarkable son of a not very remarkable Conservative Secretary for War; he was also a grandson of Arnold of Rugby. During the first world war he worked at the Ministry of Blockade under Lord Cecil, and after the war the realisation of the suffering that the blockade (maintained six months after the Armistice) had caused to Europe, harried his conscience and made even more passionate his advocacy of the League of Nations. He made himself the first of experts on the League and worked, again with Cecil, with the kind of devotion that very few English people, except perhaps a few Communists, ever give to any political object. When he was not writing or speaking or planning international co-operation, he was usually at his house, which is called *Eagle's Nest* because it is apparently precariously perched over a huge Cornish cliff rising precipitously from the sea. There he pursued his two natural interests—painting and gardening. His own garden, which is mainly rocks, contains, I think, every plant which will grow where there is so much salt, so much wind and so little earth. He was an expert on gardens of all sorts. He was also a painter, who watched the sea and the sky, and tried, with a very large measure of success, to show in his painting the relation of massed sky with massed water. He had, it seemed to me, an architect's conception of the sea and sky. On my table at the moment there lies an announcement sent out only a few days before he died, of an exhibition of his paintings at 14 Old Bond Street, and a few weeks ago I received from him a letter giving me the details of the fight that Cornishmen were waging to prevent the Admiralty from converting the mouth of the Helford river into a torpedo range. It supplied me with the details that were given in this Diary on September 15. I am now told that the Admiralty have yielded in this matter. If so, Will Arnold-Forster died having achieved at least one victory over the Service departments with which he had fought, off and on, for the last thirty years.

* * *

Soon England will be covered with a network of tiny aerodromes where helicopters will drop us on our way to business. You may be able to board a helicopter on the South Bank, in the middle of Birmingham and Leeds, possibly on the roof of 10 Great Turnstile. You will fly at about 150 miles an hour to any large centre, and it may still cost less than the petrol used by your car to take a helicopter for an intermediate distance of forty or fifty miles. Lord Ogmore, a far-sighted and enterprising Minister of Civil Aviation, asked a few of us the other day to discuss what should be the right name for the numerous landing places of helicopters. Once a label is used, we may well find ourselves saddled with it for ever. Apart from the Minister and his Parliamentary Secretary and three or four officials, there were present on this informal occasion choice spirits like Harold Nicolson, the Editor of the *Spectator* and Critic. They ruled out by acclamation all compounds of gyro, heli (meaningless), helico (meaning "screw," but too erudite) and rotor (ruled out by the Battersea Fun Fair). What about "hover," the picturesque word now adopted in the United States for the helicopter? To some of us "hoverstation" seemed precious and unreal. We also dismissed nice bright words like "hopstop." We knew quite well that whatever we decided might well be altered in familiar speech. After all, London Transport talked about an "omnibus stop"; it was the public that created "bus." We also agreed that "port" belonged to international transport. It implies Customs and all the paraphernalia of arrival in a new country. We settled on the humdrum, but I am sure right name of "air-stop." After all, you arrive in England at an "airport," and you travel on, if you must, to the Leeds, Manchester, Glasgow or Edinburgh "air-stop." But that won't prevent the public outraging Wilson Harris by calling it a heli-drome.

CRITIC

AVENUES AND STONES

Though Persian Talks have been adjourned
And Britain's claims ignored,
Though Tehran will not U.N. hear,
Nor heed the Hague award,
While stones and avenues appear
Great Britain still will persevere
Till every single stone is turned,
Each avenue explored.

Though Egypt Treaty Rights disowns,
Denying Britain's dues,
Though every avenue is black,
Her course she yet pursues.
Though every stone keeps rolling back,
Though every road's a cul-de-sac,
She will not rest from turning stones,
Exploring avenues.

No matter what is brought to light
From stones turned in Tehran,
She will not alter or postpone
Her fixed stone-turning plan,
No matter what stones may be thrown,
Nor what may crawl beneath the stone,
To turn up every stone in sight,
As far as Abadan.

Though Egypt says "No Thoroughfare!"
And gives no Briton room
And bonds of Condominium rule
Refuses to resume,
Though Egypt's stony land is full
Of avenues of mummied bull,
They will be searched with every care
From Cairo to Khartoum.

No deadlock need prevent accord
Though compromise is spurned,
Though stones and avenues impede,
New paths may be discerned,
So exploration must proceed,
Wherever avenues may lead,
Till avenues are all explored
And all the stones are turned.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD

He saw no future for commercial travellers under a Socialism founded on the teachings of Karl Marx.—From speech of Conservative candidate reported in *Western Morning News*. (H. P. Clark.)

How to make a cup of tea after an atom bomb attack, is one of the Civil Defence lessons being given to South-east London housewives.—*Evening Standard*. (K. E. Henricksen.)

Mrs. Swan had said that after marriage she never doubted that her husband was wholly a man. —*Daily Mirror*. (R. Rosner.)

Topsham Parish Council is trying to trace the owners of a hole in the middle of the road in the village.—*Daily Mirror*. (E. Gilding.)

Charged with stealing women's underwear from clothes lines, a man said in a statement to the police: "I suppose I wanted to get a bit of action out of life, which gets a bit humdrum."—*Reynold's News*. (T. W. Glew.)

The Automobile Association stated yesterday that it had received several reports that cars belonging to Southern Rhodesian visitors to Britain had been damaged because the "S.R." plate they carried had been mistaken for something to do with Soviet Russia.—*Daily Mirror*. (Colin T. Smith).

Councillor Courts said he only hoped it was a Rembrandt and then they could sell it and help pay for the public conveniences so badly needed. —*Tamworth Herald*. (C. F. Ross.)

Two Crucial Seats

BEYOND the pre-fabs of Headstone Lane the electric trains plunge through Hatch End (for Pinner) and Carpenders Park and Bushey & Oxhey to Watford. The names mislead: this is conurbation at its most constipated. Dormitory boroughs: defensively Labour, aspiringly Tory (on the never-never). But Watford is not as these. Watford has slumbering local pride which comes awake at election time, and claims full civic right. Divided from London by no meadows, copses, nor drooling streams, the town may differ in appearance from another suburb only by imaginary lines on maps, which means that it does not differ at all. The bricks and mortar and the glaring lamp-standards by night may run with little interruption from Euston to Watford High Street. And North Watford may be full of immigrants of the last twenty years from South Wales, Durham, and the Clyde, and even from old Erin. For all that, West Watford—old Watford—holds dearly to its own. John Freeman, Labour Member for the borough since 1945 and candidate to-day, is an adopted Watfordian; while Ripley, the Tory candidate, is not. "Ripley," says a West Watford typist; "he's a London chap, isn't he?"

This is an important point, because Freeman had a majority in 1950 of only fourteen hundred or so (having suffered from redistribution); and the floaters are to be found not in North Watford, which is solidly Labour, but in West Watford, which is emotionally Liberal. What happens to Freeman and Ripley, in turn, is of more than personal or local significance, for Watford is generally accepted by the sample-poll pundits as a "key constituency." If it were possible to take the polling in Watford a day or so before the General Election, the experts say, one would be able to predict the fate of most of the doubtful seats in the South and West of England.

Reporters are not experts; but patient observation will yield, at any rate in Watford, some points of great interest. Against those men of woe at Transport House who thought, only a few weeks ago, that seats like Freeman's would be lost, the local evidence is fairly good that Freeman's, in particular, will not. There is first of all the fact that that Freeman is by far the best candidate—to the point that local Tories are a little shame-faced at the prospect of voting against him for a man of whom they know nothing. Unhappily for them, local Tory jealousies prevented the nomination of a strong local candidate; and an outsider like Ripley was the best they could do. In the circumstances, it helps little that Ripley's diction should be carefully mock-Winstonian.

Indeed, it hinders. For nobody who wanders round constituencies at this time can doubt that Winston is playing a decisive part in this election, and a part that he would much prefer not to play. No doubt he regrets it: we saw that from his carefully non-provocative national broadcast. Certainly many Tories regret it; and that we saw from Pat Hornsby-Smith's national broadcast, when she wanted to remind us that "Winston wasn't the whole Conservative party." Of course he isn't; yet the name of Churchill to-day does undoubtedly summarise for the electors what Tory rule would really mean. That is all very fine, of course, with the cohorts of Conservatism. With the doubtful it is not at all fine. Noticeably growing during the last ten days, there is the uncomfortable feeling that it would be safer *not* to have Winston in power—no matter what one may think about Attlee. The electors, to a rather surprising point, are worrying about peace-and-war; and they are worrying far more than most of them care to admit. Without Winston the Tories might feel confident about seats like Watford: with him, they may expect to lose them.

Aneurin Bevan was to speak in Watford Town Hall on the afternoon of early closing. "That'll be the test," said a Watford journalist, the kind of journalist who has forgotten more about his town than most of its inhabitants can remember. "Being an afternoon meeting, you'll get the West Watford lot, the doubtful lot."

But they came in their multitudes, orderly, earnest, prepared to listen; and they filled the Town Hall. Why should fourteen hundred people, mostly middle-class and many of them anti-Labour, give up a beautiful Wednesday afternoon to listen to John Freeman and Aneurin Bevan? For they really did want to listen. Unlike Nye's meeting in Wolverhampton the day before, which was violent almost to the point of Eatanswill, Watford received him in attentive silence, disconcertingly sedate. Whatever the national press may have said, I can testify that only two men had to be ejected, and they were far from having the sympathy of the audience. John Freeman's quiet unemphatic speech was just right for them; and they listened without a murmur except of clapping now and then.

And then Aneurin Bevan spoke, broad of shoulder and broad of face, self-confident ready for trouble, and drew a long sweep through history that rose with admirable fluency above the nigglings of contemporary discontent, and brought this unenthusiastic and suspicious audience to the knowledge that the world had changed since Francis Drake, was changing still, and they must change with it . . . and left them a little contemptuous of their own timidity. For that afternoon, at any rate, quite a few floaters floated into Freeman's camp.

It may be going too far to say that England will think to-morrow what Watford thinks to-day. Yet it is certainly true that England will read to-morrow what Watford prints to-day. For Watford is the biggest printing town in Britain, the biggest photogravure centre in the world; and the unions that count are the Typographical Association, Natsopa, the paper-workers, litho-artists. Their officials are confident enough that Freeman will hold the seat; the trade unions, they say, are taking things more seriously than in 1950—and Bert Dowling, Freeman's canny long-qualified agent, is giving them no chance to let up.

Beyond Watford, and not so far away, there is another "key constituency," another Gallup guinea-pig. Twenty months ago William Warbey lost Luton to Dr. Charles Hill by 1,086 votes. Since Warbey's majority of over 7,000 in 1945, the division has lost two staunch Labour wards to South Beds (where they carried Moeran for Labour in 1950). Last time, furthermore, there was a Liberal candidate in this highly Liberal town. To-day it is a straight fight, with the 4,500 Liberal votes of 1950 pretty certain to settle the issue one way or the other.

Once again, at a distance, this looks like a fairly safe Tory win. If the electors of Luton were fed up with Labour in 1950, why should they be any the less fed up to-day? But once again the local story comes out differently. Canvassing, says Andrew Turnbull, Warbey's agent, suggests that more than half the Liberal vote will go to Warbey. This should be more than enough for Warbey to win the seat, always provided that the Labour vote can be got out. If the local Labour party was over-confident in 1950, and worked less hard than it might have done, it is apparently not making the mistake a second time. Luton's biggest trade union, the A.E.U. with 8,000 members in the division, is working hard for a Labour win; and that seems to be a good deal more than it did last time. On this the story is the same as at Watford. To counteract Hill's national broadcast, which Warbey sensibly assumed that everyone would hear, Warbey has hired a fine great caravan, grass-green and plastered with posters, with which he broadcasts in the streets. By Thursday he will have made several hundred speeches.

Against the wear and tear on its popularity from which the Labour cause inevitably suffers through being in office, there are two or three solid reasons for thinking that the Labour vote will be large, and that the Liberal vote—directed by its local association to decide "upon its conscience"—will gravitate towards Warbey. The first and probably the biggest reason is this same distaste for Tory rule—even when the distaste goes hand-in-hand with a discontent at Labour's record. "Would you trust a Tory Government to give the men and women of this country a fair do?" asks Warbey from the pavement beside his caravan. And although the dribble of housewives at garden gates do not exactly flourish their broomsticks in dissent, they are manifestly impressed. You may not like Labour if you're really a Liberal, but when it comes to the point . . . would you rather have Winston? The issue seems to present itself to them as between Winston on the one hand, and some hardly defined sense of greater security on the other: in the last analysis, perhaps, between Winston and Peace.

And what has Hill to say for himself? In 1950 the glamour of the "Radio-Doctor" was fair and fresh. To-day it wears a little stale. To-day you've heard that voice of glutinous and flabby gloom a bit too often. And there he goes in his little saloon-car with the posters on the top. I did not see him get out, as Warbey does, and show himself to the crowd. He sits inside; and out of the depths of that little car there comes the Voice: "Good afternoon. It's a lovely day. It'll be lovelier still"—dropping an octave or two—"on October 25, when we put the blighters out."

And that's about all. It seems a slender basis for deciding how to vote.

Names may decide a lot. Hill stands as a United-Liberal-Conservative in a constituency which remembers that John Bunyan was born in Bedford, where Non-Conformism of one kind or another has deep and living roots, where Liberals still believe that the Liberal Party is not just a seedy poor relation of the Tories. This pantechnicon label of Hill's appears to irritate them to such a point that one wonders why he took it. They might vote for a Tory who called himself one: but for a Tory who calls himself a Liberal. . .

Surprisingly enough, then, both these key constituencies may well return a Labour Member on October 25. The majorities in either case will be slender, and any slip or slackening by either side will tell directly on their size. But the forecast is not especially optimistic. Of course there will be the usual local uncertainties—weather, last-moment hits and misses, the influence of new events—but the general trend is toward two Labour wins. If this trend stays where it is, and if—a much bigger if—the sample-poll experts are right, then the energy of the rank-and-file can still win this general election for Labour.

BASIL DAVIDSON

The Scottish Vote

WHILE both sides are claiming in advance a great and noble victory, the Scottish elector is taking things more calmly than in 1950. Liberalism and Home Rule complicate the straight fight, but less obviously than last year. That perhaps is why there is less fuss at the hustings. People know how they are going to vote and are content to omit verbal by-play. With a Hobbesian simplicity Labour remains true to its policies, and Tories to their profits. In the matter of Scottish affairs both Tories and Labour are offering the same thing—a Royal Commission.

As in the South, the most interesting contests (with the exception of West Dundee, where Mr. Strachey has the unusual problem of facing only a Liberal and a Communist) will be in those constituencies where the split vote was decisive in 1950 and where there is this year a two-party fight.

Liberalism is more strongly entrenched in Scotland than in the South, but only eight candidates are to stand. The small army of those who voted Liberal last year and have now no candidate is more likely to go Left than Right. If it is true that the Scots are political fundamentalists, the election should shape much more as non-Tory *versus* Tory than as Socialist *versus* non-Socialist. In many cases the potential reinforcements are worthy of more intelligent encouragement than has yet been offered them. Mr. McNeil, in his Greenock constituency, is prudently wooing them as Radicals, and there is persuasive wisdom in this. A strong swing Left of the Liberals would counter the withdrawal of Socialist support by genuine bourgeois floaters who are alarmed at the stringency of the national financial policy, fear for their bank balances, and blame the Government.

Ever since the affair of the Coronation Stone the question of Home Rule has diminished in the press from a great interrogative to a small query. The return of the Stone marked a quick disappearance of the Covenant movement from the news columns and the day is long past when a political meeting of Covenanters made the second story on the main news page of *The Times*. That is not to say it is gone beyond recall. Dr. MacCormick feels strong enough to bide his time, though the public are a little dewildered by him.

In the beginning of this year, while the Stone was still "hot," a beginning was made in the formation of constituency associations with the apparent intention of contesting the next election. Now that the election is here the Covenanters are holding themselves "above politics." They will press their demands on the next Government, and in the event of another rebuttal they propose to hold a plebiscite in 1952—for which purpose they will use the many constituency associations already in being.

In view of the temporary withdrawal of the Covenant movement from the public eye, and with nothing to take its place as an exciter of public opinion, it has been interesting to note the alacrity with which the two major parties pounced on the Scottish issue.

The Tories claim in their electioneering propaganda that they have never promised Home Rule and do not do so now. That is understandable, as a domestic parliament in Scotland would almost certainly have a Left government. The Tory pledges, some of which have the virtue of precision, are based on their 1949 proposals, "Scottish Control of Scottish Affairs" (control in this context being exclusive of parliamentary control). Devolution would be dealt with as part of the decentralisation policy, and the Tories would also provide a Deputy Secretary, to be known as Minister of State, and also a third Under-Secretary. They are pledged to the appointment of a Royal Commission, which is offered as a pro-Scottish broom to sweep clean the Celtic stables. The Scottish emphasis in the Tory programme is probably emphatic enough to satisfy Unionist Covenanters as far as their vote is concerned. It is positive about taking immediate Devolutionary steps.

The recent Scottish Labour conference at North Berwick passed, with only five dissentients, a resolution urging the appointment of a Royal Commission "on the whole issue, including a Scots Parliament to deal with domestic Scottish affairs." The remit of this Commission is more on Covenanting lines, and the pressure of the Covenanters has been given the credit for the success of the resolution.

There were, indeed, three separate resolutions of varying strength before the conference, all demanding a Royal Commission. But had it not been for the election, and the shift of interest from Transport House to the Scottish vote, it is more than doubtful if the resolution as it stands would have been steered past the Scottish Executive. It has since been accepted at Scarborough, and it now remains to be seen with what seriousness it is honoured.

The resolution was the prelude to yet another switch in the Labour line for Scotland. Similar resolutions, passed by similar majorities, have gone South and vanished in past years. More recently the topic of Devolution and Home Rule was almost taboo. Mr. Morrison and Mr. Woodburn killed Scottish affairs as a Labour issue, and Mr. McNeil was a most diplomatic Secretary. A few months ago a prospective Labour candidate was dropped by his constituency committee for insisting on a Devolutionary standpoint. To-day, so stalwart a Socialist as Malcolm Macpherson (standing for re-election in Stirling and Falkirk) is able to state publicly that he has always favoured Home Rule. It is uncertain if such a statement is embarrassing to the Scottish Executive or not. Already there is a sign of retreat from the North Berwick resolution in the suggestion, made public by the Scottish secretary of the Labour Party, that any Commission should be dependent on the findings of the Catto Committee. That may be sensible enough, but it suggests a dodging of issues before they arise, and it is a gratuitous trimming of the resolution.

The Scottish question is sufficiently important in the North to influence votes. That is the only interpretation that can be put on the North Berwick resolution. An unambiguous pronouncement by Mr. Attlee would make it clear whether or not the resolution is more than an electioneering sop to Scottish Labour traditionalists. It would also exercise very considerable influence on the floating Liberal vote.

Edinburgh. NEIL MCCALLUM

Delay in the Sun

THEY told me in Lisbon, and I take it for truth, that if one wants to have a favourable first impression of Portugal, one should reach it the hard way, by dusty roads or dirty, crawling train through the harsh misery of Franco's Spain: with a sigh of relief one thus arrives, climatically and socially, at a pleasing oasis. Certainly the luxurious speed with which Air France wafts the traveller from Seine to Tagus is the wrong preparation. "In five minutes exactly we shall pass over Santander; we are flying at 4,650 metres altitude." The big Constellation performs its punctual flight: comfortably far below, while the pretty stewardess from Lorraine busies herself with champagne corks along the cabin's gangway, the granite towers of the Asturian peaks recede northwards; Douro and Mondego, etched deeply into a surface of umber and burnt sienna, join the procession; within a brief hour the long, blue ridge of the Serra Arrabida lifts above the horizon, and the plane is dipping to Lisbon airport. Between the aperitif which preludes and the *Fine* which concludes an epicure's lunch, one has exchanged effortless Paris, punctuality and the twentieth century for a land where clocks are few and mostly wrong, efficiency counts for little, and penury wears the casual tatters of two hundred years ago.

To the Anglo-Saxon, if he be a Protestant, taught to measure civilisation and human dignity by the yardstick of material progress, the abrupt transition is apt to come as a shock. "Lisbon strolls, Oporto works, Coimbra thinks and Braga prays." To that popular summary should be added: "And all Portugal, from the Algarve to the lonely towns of Tras os Montes, begs." Begs sometimes because of destitution; there is plenty of that in Dr. Salazar's New State; it marches with a shameful standard of illiteracy, slum housing and infantile mortality. But begs, too, in many cases not from dire need but from tradition: after all, is not *Misericordia*, blessed by the Church, a proper privilege enjoyed by the well-to-do? It is no good being shocked by the mendicants, by the poverty, the squalor, the moral and intellectual decadence. Nor is it a satisfactory explanation to say that all these things are the fruits of two decades of pseudo-Fascist rule. Gradually, as the sun does its work—not the sharp, crystalline sunlight of Italy but the soft, hazy dazzle of cloudless Atlantic weather—one begins to realise that one has arrived in a Catholic Albania inhabited by a people whose race and outlook, for all the overlays of Phœnician, Roman, Visigoth and Moorish infiltration, remain fundamentally Celtic. The political approach and achievements of Dr. Salazar are not so very dissimilar from those of Mr. De Valera. They have in common the watchword, "Not too fast; not too much." Let the clock tick slowly, quietly.

* * *

It is all too easy for the visitor to forget in Portugal any intention he may have had of study-

ing earnestly political and economic conditions, and to lapse into agreeably uncritical *tourisme*. Not that the countryside, apart from that magic sunlight, is intrinsically very lovely: the pines and cork-oaks of the North become as monotonous in the end as the scorched plains of the Alentejo. Nor is Portugal architecturally a true collectors' piece like Tuscany or Umbria. That lush flowering of late Gothic known as "Manueline" is amusing rather than beautiful; and, with all respect to Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, it is possible rapidly to have a surfeit of Portuguese baroque. Still, there are things one should have seen, worthy of remembrance: for instance, the world's two loveliest libraries, that at Coimbra with its warm gilded exuberance, and the ghost-pale, long chamber buried, like an exquisite shell, in the cumbersome monastery-palace at Mafra; or the rococo perfection of Queluz, in whose gardens Beckford ran races with Carlota Joaquina's Maids of Honour; or the incomparable tombs at Alcobaça, in which Pedro the Cruel and Inez, his love, await the Resurrection face to face. These, with a few notable abbey churches (of which the compilers of guide books have written enough) and some magnificent granite and white seignorial mansions in the Minho, stick in the mind. And then there are things outside the compass of guide books—the silence at night in the little walled town of Obidos, where no house has been built for two centuries; the dignified Regency leisure of the Lodges which house the port wine of the Douro at Vila Nova de Gaia; men threshing maize, as they did in Herod's Palestine, with heavy flails on a floor of sun-baked earth; men bare-legged to the waist in the shadowy *lagares*, gloomily treading the half-ripe grapes that make the sharp *pétillant* Vinho Verde; above all, perhaps, the multitudinous windmills, not our huge English structures (as a child I was always mystified how Don Quixote could have attacked them) but homely little affairs against whose sails a knight could tilt a spear if his horse would mount the steep hillocks on which they stand. . . .

* * *

Portugal, as I have suggested, does not easily allow itself to be taken seriously. At Ponte de Lima, in the Minho, the prison is in a squat, medieval tower built to command the bridge. Through the barred windows, forty feet above the ground, the prisoners angle with primitive rod and line, jiggling little cans into which the passer-by may drop cigarette or escudo. Authority winks: punishment is thus tempered by casual mercy. By which I do not mean that Portugal enjoys much in the way of civil liberties. The Corporative State is even more of a sham than the fabric created on paper by Mussolini. What the Portuguese have got is an authoritarian, one-man, paternalistic regime, in which a gentle tap on the shoulder stands for the "3 a.m. knock" and may be just as daunting. But the clerical-reactionary repression of Dr. Salazar is not extreme: police agents and priests are alike conspicuous in Portugal; and though one can find, particularly among the ill-paid intelligentsia, plenty of "dissidents" who make no bones about their hatred of the dictatorship, and though a free plebiscite might well result in an overwhelming "anti" vote, there is no effective Opposition and no visible opportunity of organising one. With public meetings controlled by licence, the press rigorously censored, all the known leaders of the Communist Party liquidated, and the Democratic Republicans headed by elderly and innocuous Liberal demagogues, the Portuguese dictator has no longer any need of terror. Under his rule Portugal has been politically castrated.

This effective emasculation has been accompanied by a judicious blend of economic *laissez faire* and controlled inaction. In the war and its aftermath, Portugal enjoyed her boom; and glossy Cadillacs in the streets of Lisbon are evidence that some Portuguese are still doing well. But since 1948 stability has been restored and the balance of foreign payments redressed by a steady, slow deflation. The peasants are bitterly poor; the middle-class employees are pinched; the relatively insignificant numbers of factory workers are shockingly paid by European standards. But all is not debit in the ledger of the New State: with a little searching one can find some new houses; here and there a new village school has been built; road communications have been improved, and there is even a big scheme of hydro-electricity in progress. Things move, but with infinite calculated slowness. What the regime has not done is to raise Portugal's standard of life in the only possible way—by mechanising agriculture and radically shifting the economy's balance in favour of greater industrialisation. And those are precisely the things whose political implications Dr. Salazar suspects, and which he has no intention of doing.

* * *

From the steps of the little café facing the great abbey at Batalha, which perpetuates John I's victory over the Castilians, the "locals," or most of them, were watching with moody indifference a fleet of coaches in which a party of U.S. Marines were having a day of Welfare-sponsored sightseeing. A Warrant Officer, discerning (I suppose) an English-looking face, approached me. How came that outsize church? I told him what little I could remember of the battle of Aljubarrota. "Ah," said the W.O., "that accounts for it. I had been figuring that this place of worship was out of proportion to the population." . . .

As I wandered about Portugal, unselectively by random buses, half attracted, half repulsed, that "figuring" by the American Marine kept recurring to my mind. To the few contemporary Portuguese who are not semi-literate peasants too habituated to deadening toil to have time for thought, the great enigma is what will happen when Salazar, an old, sick man, dies. I felt that issue could be left to the "men of the situation." For me, a deeper, more real question is whether Portugal would really like to re-attain in any degree the stature of her vanished greatness. I am inclined to think the sun has done its work too thoroughly: there have been too many delays.

The Portuguese are proud people—like their "cats of estimation" who sit, sleek and distinctively collared, on warm window-sills, and with a similar *fainéant* irresponsibility. (The hotel porter at Coimbra who insisted on completing my police bulletin and laboriously bestowed on me the intriguing profession of WELVIV, instead of the humdrum occupation of "writer," was too proud to admit he couldn't read English script, too casual to care if he could not.) But, pride or no, the Portuguese to-day have certainly no thirst for glory in an American-led crusade to reconquer the Red half of the world, no matter how sincere Dr. Salazar's political anti-Communism. I doubt even if the mass of the people really want to have Portugal or the Portuguese Empire effectively developed, or to make the effort to achieve materially anything of the American Century.

In the art gallery in Lisbon, you can study the face of the great and practical visionary, Dom Henrique, that half-English Infante whose ships discovered for Portugal half the habitable overseas world. He looks to-day a little sad, a little wistful, as if regretting that the spirit of the men who sailed those ships out of Lagos should have vanished so utterly from contemporary Portugal, somnolent in her isolation, content (it would seem) to "get by," thanks to the income from her remaining colonies, with a primitive agriculture, rudimentary industries, and a pitifully low standard of consumption. There is no appetite for adventure, no zeal for greatness left now: nothing remains but a few great monuments, the memory, fast fading, of old battles and old voyages, some haunting songs, and *saüdade*, the brooding that makes young men sit silently for hours on little terraces overlooking the sleepy Tagus, the frustrated, sentimental, ineffective sadness of the southern Celt.

Lisbon, October. AYLMER VALLANCE

Village in India

(By a Correspondent.)

THE Rajasthan village from which I write consists of one straight earthen street, with shops on either side, from which run narrow lanes twisting in among a mass of huts and solid houses, all crowded close together. The village is dominated by a vast palace, set upon a rock, and surrounded by antique bastions. Until three years ago, the Raj Rana was the feudal lord of all the surrounding region. His palace yard was thronged with peasants come to his magistrate's court, with petitioners, and with his hundreds of servants. Now the yard is empty, and he a voluntary prisoner within its walls. At rare intervals his glistening Oldsmobile lumbers down the palace drive, which the rains have turned into a watercourse, and it hoots its way past the slow-moving cattle in the bazaar. The Raj Rana sits dignified, acknowledging the prostrations and the traditional cry: "Hail, Giver of Bread!" of those who are still in his employ, and noticing with concealed resentment all those who simply watch, or scowl when he goes by. Returned to his palace, he will tell me yet again that to-day the news is promising: there will certainly soon be a war with Pakistan. And then? The Government will have to call upon the Rajputs, and the Rajputs will fight in their traditional style—provided their traditional privileges are restored. "There will be no elections, Sahib, you mark my words. There will be a war, and they will keep on postponing them. These duffers know that they will surely be driven out, so of course they do not want to have elections."

This is the Palace view, and it is echoed by the Raj Rana's kinsmen and servants, the Rajputs of lesser rank; but their number in the entire village community is very small. The vast majority of the villagers are poor and uneducated. To them, changes of government are as remote and unalterable as the succession of good seasons and bad: as yet, the idea that they themselves may influence them has not begun to be understood. An old blacksmith, to whom I tried to explain the significance of Independence Day, said at last: "So the British have gone? Then I suppose the Moghuls are ruling again in Delhi?" Many others think that it is all a trick, that the British or the Americans will march in again this year or next.

It is not politics which concern village folk so much as the details of administration, of which they are keenly aware. To the misfortune of the Congress Government, their first years of rule have coincided with new crises of high prices and shortages. Everywhere, people grumble about the cost of food and cloth, and listen glumly to old men's accounts of days when one rupee bought 1¼ maunds of wheat, or 2½ maunds of corn—now they are sometimes forty times that price. The Government has been trying to achieve a fair

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Stephen Potter

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SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

distribution of what there is, but the farmers think of the Levy as only a new form of extortion; and all too often they see their own fixed-price quota being diverted into the merchants' ubiquitous black market.

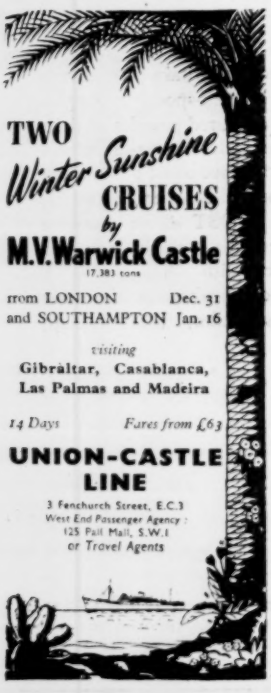
Talking with people in the country districts here, one hears a universal wail, punctuated with diplomatic flattery of the bliss that they think they enjoyed under British rule. When times are bad, one wants to blame someone, and in this part of the country, the Congress Raj gets the blame for much that is beyond its control. In the person of its petty office-bearer, however, it gets a more individual and concentrated condemnation. Some villagers say they have never seen so much open corruption; they talk as if everyone has suffered under it in his own experience. As a result of this, an anti-Congress mood is growing more and more virulent; and yet, the villagers know of no alternative. Until recently, Congress was the champion of the poor, the enemy of the foreign oppressors: with bewildering suddenness all this is forgotten and Congress is acquiring a name for nepotism and bureaucratic tyranny.

There are still a few educated youths, from the upper castes, who hope to get white-collar jobs in town, and who profess an idealistic view of Congress, giving it credit for its efforts towards social reform. In this they are at one with the non-politically minded youths of every caste; and they are opposed by all the older men, to whom Congress's gravest fault is its sponsoring of the Hindu Code Bill, which to Westerners seems modern and courageous, but which they call sacrilegious. Even at the village level, there are those who are politically "in", and enjoy an opportunity for squeeze, or access to rationed goods, which is, of course, the most profitable sort of black market.

At the opposite pole to the Raj Rana stands an odd figure, a penniless young man, son of a poor merchant, who tries to model his life on Gandhian principles of selfless public service. He avoids political connections, even declining a place on the village panchayat: his avowed aim is to work for the common good, to help individuals who are sick or in trouble, and urge reason and moderation when quarrels break out. To his regret, he is not appreciated. People tell him to get a proper job and stop living on his father's earnings: when he intervenes they tell him to go mind his own business. He is made fun of, is nick-named Netaji, after Subhas Ghandra Bhose —"But the real Netaji was killed in an aeroplane crash; ours will die falling from a bullock cart."

And yet, Netaji is respected in a way. In his clumsy fashion he represents something that Gandhi gave to Indian politics—a union of the traditional forms of self-abnegation and moral suasion, with contemporary efforts towards social reform. It was Gandhijis personality, in the character of unworldly saint, which appealed more strongly and immediately to Indian villagers than any political formula could do; and it is a feature of the present situation that there is no public figure capable of recapturing that emotional appeal. Nehru is the young men's hero, but his liberalism damns him in the eyes of the devout.

To summarise: the villagers in this part of India are profoundly discontented with things as they are, but so far they lack leadership or even the rudiments of political understanding, so there is nothing they can do to help create "things as they ought to be." For the moment, at least, electoral reform seems to have outstripped the people's ability to take proper advantage of it—a quite commendable failing, if the country tries hard to make it good in time for the next elections, or the next again.



Broadening the Mind

WHY does one travel? I can discover no satisfactory reason. To paraphrase a dictum of Lord Chesterfield's, though in a very different context, the position is uncomfortable, the expense exorbitant, and the pleasure momentary. Travel is said to broaden the mind, but the only two broad-minded people I know have stayed at home; both of them thus enjoy the essential qualification for loving the French, Italians and Americans . . . they have never been to France, Italy or America. If history is not, in Ford's word, bunk, then it teaches that only peoples remote from and unknown to each other behave with tolerable courtesy in their relations. The most striking difference which the traveller will discover between the place he leaves and the place he gets to, is that it is raining in the latter.

I have been travelling on the *Grands Expresses Européens* for twenty-four years, but I cannot accuse myself of ever having been of the company who find the larger trains, travelling long distances, and bearing such fancy names as *Simplon Orient Express*, romantic. They have, for me, been no more romantic than the *Brighton Belle*, and they generally arrive at places architecturally inferior to Brighton, with no sea, no pavilion, and possessing the sole advantage that the pubs stay open longer and sell better drinks more cheaply. And the misery one has to undergo in order to reach them! The hours of trying to sleep on hard seats in very hot or very cold compartments, covered with coal dust, and periodically, just as a blessed coma of exhaustion has overcome the shattered mind and body, infested by Customs officers, police officials, currency control narks, and the rude or obsequious servants of the railway company!

The great Wagon-Lits trains have all the air and atmosphere of the most offensive kinds of bars-de-luxe; they were clearly designed for the basest kind of rich, for the sort of man perfectly depicted by Mr. Evelyn Waugh in Rex Mottram, the smooth, clever, flashy briber of head-waiters and stewards. Probably, if one is rich, these disadvantages, offset as they are by the comfort and service provided, pass unnoticed. But being poor it is as well to cultivate a set of prejudices which enable one to make a virtue of the necessity for being treated with contempt by perambulating flunkeys.

My first experience of Venice, on the outward journey, was a Coco-Cola advertisement; this was followed by having to make choice, in getting the luggage to the hotel, between a grossly overcrowded *Vaporetto* and a gondolier who wanted about £1 for ten minutes' work. Compare this with our first experience of our own town, on the return journey, the sight of the Angel steeple of the Cathedral, gleaming creamy white against a green sky, and the sun setting in glory behind an opalescent mist.

The mountains about Lake Garda are beautiful and inhabited by agreeable and interesting people. The lake itself is a pleasant spectacle, second only to Loch Lomond, and it would be most enjoyable at night were it not for the mosquitoes. It yields, moreover, a kind of enormous trout which, as a comestible, is not much inferior to the sole caught within thirty miles of our own front door. The city of Verona is in parts handsome, and historically interesting, almost as delightful to visit as to read about in Shakespeare. There are, as is well known, a great many pictures in Italy, and it is easy and not very expensive to go and look at them; how unfortunate then, that unlike those in the National Gallery, one cannot return, when one feels in the mood, to look again at those which one would have enjoyed immensely had it not been for the corroding thought that it will be difficult, expensive and perhaps impossible ever to get to know and appreciate them properly!

It is, of course, very nice to have good, cheap and wholesome wine with meals, and even between meals. On the other hand there is the noise. The Italian people, in particular, suffer from a most trying illusion that the human voice is agreeable; not only do they sing, they also talk incessantly, shrilly, at all hours of the day and night, and all together. As soon as they stop talking they drive away in a motor car or on a motor cycle, the selling price of which must certainly have been proportional to the amount of uproar it makes. In trains and other public vehicles, they are rather less garrulous than the French or Americans, but what they have to say is equally uninteresting . . . it is about the scandalous cost of living, the badness of the harvest, the shocking excesses of the Communists, and the attributes of Mr. Churchill. No doubt talking to people in trains is one of the things one looks forward to in going abroad . . . and yet . . . well, how easy it is to sympathise with Raskolnikoff when the stranger Marmeladoff spoke to him in the drinking hell: "Though he had felt in a sociable vein for the last quarter of an hour, the vexation he usually felt when a stranger accosted him instantly revived."

For a reason which remains obscure, the Italians are said to be musical, the English unmusical. When I have been to concerts in England I have noticed that many members of the audience spent some time listening to the music.

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But on the only occasion when I was the sole foreigner in La Scala, that being a night when the theatre was devoted to the workers of Milan and a union card being demanded at the entrances, the members of the audience either sang or whistled much louder than, but not so correctly as, the actors; hailed their acquaintances in distant boxes; and even clambered along the balusters of the galleries, their acrobatics accompanied by shouts of encouragement from their male friends, or screams of alarm from the females.

One can, of course, understand the attraction of southern Europe from the point of view of the natives. They, after all, are used to it, used to and even fond of the excessive and monotonous sunshine, which removes the lively flavour from fruit by coddling it on the trees, makes the wine too harsh and strong, and forces the peasantry to scramble-in a partially withered harvest of grain in May and to make do with olive-oil instead of butter. They like this, it is what they are used to. But do they therefore stay at home? By no means; belatedly bitten by the travel bug and the victims of the propaganda of railway, shipping and airways interests, they have taken to coming to England, annoying the inhabitants with silly questions in incomprehensible languages; eating the attrocious food; all oppressed by the lush greenness of the scenery, due to the excessive and monotonous rainfall which deprives the fruit of flavour by leaving it half ripe . . . .

In an effort to discover why people travel, I recently conducted a one-man public-opinion poll. Of the banal and unconvincing replies received only one is worth quoting, that of a farmer who has never been farther than London, and that only once in his life since he disliked the place. He said that judging from the behaviour of returning travellers he had concluded that they travelled on the same principle as the lunatic in the story hit himself on the head with a brick: for the gratification and relief he experienced when he left off. My inquiry also extended to the question, how do people travel? From this I learn that those who went by rail or car will never do so again, as it seems some people they met in Florence got there in quarter the time and at half the expense by air. On the other hand, those who went by air will not repeat the experience, as to do so cheaply they were obliged to leave home in the middle of the night, were made anxious by observing the crew apparently fixing some loose part of the aircraft with a piece of string, and were landed at Zürich, a place they had no desire or intention to visit, at four o'clock in the morning in the pouring rain.

Since our return we have enjoyed day after tranquil day of warm October weather and brilliant sunshine. We even paid a short visit to the seaside, a pleasant little beach backed by towering cliffs, and warm in the sun, quite unlike the concentration-camp called the Lido, with its geometrical arrangement of concrete changing boxes, and its wire fences to cage off the hoi-polloi, and all that in a drenching downpour of hot rain. Here at home, about seven in the evening of each perfect day, there creeps into the air that delicious chill which deposits an enchanting film of silvery dew on every leaf in the garden, and justifies a fire of logs after dinner. The Michaelmas Daisies are in bloom, great falling drifts of mauve and rose and cream. The Comice pears are ripening, the last of the melons are sweet and mellow, the vintage, given up in despair in September, after all promises to be tolerable, and the autumn strawberries are abundant. The Cox's apples, unspoilt by sun, are crisp and sparkling in the mouth. All about us the pleasant bustle of ploughing goes forward, the untidy stubbles turning into lovely patterns of brown and chocolate and buff. A. gathers the great jet and purple heads of elderberry, for her wine, the pullets have come into lay, and when one digs a piece of ground it stays dug, for the vigour of the weeds has gone out of them. From time to time I rest and look across the vivid green of the lawn to the colours of the Michaelmas Daisies, the late roses, the golden leaves of the cherry orchard.

The only incident, since our return, sufficiently interesting to withdraw my attention from these contemplations or from work, has been the visit of a friend who, it seems, has found a most interesting way of getting to Italy. You pick up a liner at Tilbury and, if you can spare a few days . . . .

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PICASSO

OCTOBER 25 is Pablo Picasso's seventieth birthday and, happily, it is being celebrated here in London: the Institute of Contemporary Arts has arranged an exhibition of 77 of Picasso's drawings and watercolours at 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. These constitute a retrospective exhibition of a sort, for, despite certain gaps, they manage to range right through from a drawing made at the age of twelve (when Picasso was already an accomplished student at the School of Fine Arts in Corunna) to the present day. Those of his admirers who have long had recourse, in defending Picasso, to the argument that he had mastered many of the techniques of realism "before he was out of his 'teens" may now triumphantly direct the unbeliever to Dover Street. For here we not only find the drawing already referred to (no. 1) which, though remarkable for a boy so young, is not evidence so much of creative as of precocious academic powers; we are also confronted with two pen-and-ink drawings of figures (nos. 2 and 3) made two years later, at the age of fourteen. These are a great advance on the first—which is stiff and over-hard with a student's brilliance of pure mechanical observation, and shows no sign of an ability to *compose*. Yet precisely this power of composition now springs into evidence with these two ink drawings, *Going to School* and *Waiting her Turn;* and with it comes a mode of observation far more intelligent than that embodied in the first, the prodigy's drawing. The author of the first might still have become an academic artist: the author of the others was already likely to attain the calibre of, say, Fantin Latour.

In his early work, Picasso was perilously near to becoming a mannerist as well as an expressionist—two not incompatible types of failure. And it seems to me that it was only the quiet intrusion of Degas, with his classical concern for form, that saved Picasso at this point and launched him on his first voyage of personal discovery in the famous Blue and Rose periods. The beggars and harlequins of 1903 and 1905 are certainly *drawn*, as opposed to painted; yet it is the continuous, calm, furry, plastic line of Degas, not the electric, spasmodic, idiosyncratic line of Lautrec, which exploded only into cartoon-like caricature or vehement expressionism in the youthful Picasso's hands.

However, none of these early periods is stressed in this exhibition, although there is a foretaste in *Tavern in Barcelona* (1899—no. 5) of what I mean here by "expressionist." I do not regret this lack of emphasis. The exquisite subtleties of the Blue or Rose periods were far from being revolutionary: they show us realism weakened by poetry. But a little later on, and poetry is seen creating a new realism, in terms of its own choosing. Once we have satisfied curiosity about the infant prodigy we might as well move on to the invention of Cubism: and that is precisely what this exhibition does. With Cubism, Picasso begins to speak an entirely new language, one he and his friends have succeeded in imposing upon the world. Indeed his influence has been so profound, so all-pervasive, that we are almost unconscious of its main characteristics. And, of course, Picasso's numerous excursions, his perpetual need for innovation and invention, not only on the level of subject-matter, of technique, even idiom, but on that of vision itself—all distract and prevent us from realising the nature of the revolution. Picasso's exploratory impulse may drive him to break all rules exactly as soon as he becomes conscious of rules to break: I believe this is essentially the disposition of the romantic artist; and Picasso certainly is that. His "classical" periods are periods in which he parodies classical forms and formulæ, making conscious those things of which his classical model was unconscious, and vice versa. Nevertheless, there is a consistency about Picasso's inconsistencies. Although he changes gear, as it were, out of one idiom into another, not only *between* pictures but *within* them (so that even in drawing a single figure, a satyr or the *Minotaur*, his line "changes gear" several times, passing from a detailed Breugelesque realism in the head to a chunky, near cubist treatment of arms and legs, perhaps, and thence to an Ingres-like torso) there is an overall rhythm in these changes which is itself recognisable.

Where is the identity in such diversity? What links have the magnificent *Minotaur* gouaches (nos. 49-52; this is, incidentally, their first appearance in public, anywhere, although they have been reproduced) with, say, *Bull* (no. 70)? The first, with their smoky, almost pastel, earth reds and sea blues; with their writhing baroque drawing which is only pinned firm by the ubiquitous and never-failing vertical lines of Picasso (in their case, the masts of ships, spears, cliff platforms, or other rigid stage properties); and the second with its almost geometric segments of form, flatly dovetailing into the most dramatic mosaic; no baroque swirl, no moth-eaten, pumicestone forms; everything hard, sharp, regular, flat. (It is a bull from the Antibes period of 1946, when Picasso worked in a room in the Musée Grimaldi overlooking the waves; and the bull's body contains, quite clearly, a rowing boat, prow foremost.)

I think the only common feature in these most disparate examples of Picasso's art is the vital one common also to very many of the painters who are younger than him. It consists simply in this: the texture of the images employed is uneven, broken, fragmented. We do not read the various

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parts of the picture (in either the *Minotaur* series or in *Bull*), as we read them in Cézanne, Chardin, Tintoretto, or Raphael, for instance. In such pre-Cubist painters this "texture of images" is something that reads horizontally: that is, we pass from the chair to the arm, from the arm to the bosom and thence to the face, and so on. Signification exists horizontally, across the surface of the picture, building up the meaning of the whole for us. But in Picasso, we tend to read each section of the design in comparative isolation from the others: each is absorbed completely, then we hop to the next section. And it is a hop, and not (as in nearly all pre-Cubist, but non-primitive painters) a glide. In the *Minotaur* series we hop from figure to figure, from image to image. In *Bull* we hop from one segment of the total image to another. Thus, if we may say that Cézanne or Raphael are read horizontally, Picasso or Braque (who will be seventy *next* year) are read vertically. Might a possible "explanation" of this be that it reflects a change in the tempo of sensuous apprehension?

Postscript: It is interesting to note that 54 of the 77 drawings in this exhibition have been lent by the artist.

PATRICK HERON

THE CUEVAS BALLET

SKIBINE'S *Tragedy of Verona*, an anæmic version of Shakespeare presented for the first time in London, tells the same kind of badly constructed story as *Night Shadow* without Balanchine's skill or musicality. The conflict between the love of Romeo and Juliet and the rivalry of Montague and Capulet has barely been sketched with much leaping and turning of male dancers when the lovers lie dead before our eyes, a sacrifice which evokes no pity in the onlooker and seems at the time unnecessary, almost stupid. Andrea Karlsen is beautiful as Juliet but limited in emotional range and in acting ability, faults which appear again when she plays the Young Girl in *Le Beau Danube*. She is outshone by Skibine looking all that any Juliet might wish.

Careful, conscientious and beautiful, most of the female dancers of the Cuevas Ballet display in varying degrees limitations similar to Miss Karlsen in the range of expression they can convey through movement. The men do not show this weakness so much and on the whole are better than the women, a balance which is unusual to English eyes. I think the fault is partly technical in origin. Marjorie Tallchief, for instance, though very good as the Somnambule in *Night Shadow*, and a finer artist than Miss Karlsen, seemed to have no proper control of the upper part of her body when it came to dancing the more lively role of the street dancer in *Le Beau Danube*. She gave an impressive performance which lacked real expression only because her back, arms and head were a great deal less eloquent than her legs and feet. The production of *Les Sylphides*, a slightly revised version of *Swan Lake, Act II* and *Concerto Barocco* conveyed the same impression that nothing mattered but certain steps meticulously worked out for the feet alone by Messrs. Fokine, Petipa, Ivanov and Balanchine. Missing were the dignity of carriage, the control of arms and head and the straight backs which are the product of strict Russian classical methods. Rosella Hightower, the *première danseuse*, who dances the leading classical roles, is especially disappointing. Except in *Tarasiana*, where it is warm and sympathetic, her style has become brittle and affected with no shades of black or white, self-conscious in the manner of a person afraid to do the wrong thing for fear of ridicule.

The company is mainly remarkable for the excellence of its character ballets, particularly *The Enchanted Mill*, and one of the best productions of *Le Beau Danube* I have seen. It has something of the enthusiasm and attack which have become associated with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, and a varied repertoire which introduces some new or little-known works, but owes rather too much, perhaps, to the influence of Balanchine in his abstract moments. *Le Bal des Jeunes Filles*, for instance, by the Maitre de Ballet John Taras, was in the Balanchine style, patterned and passably musical but, when all was said and danced, signifying nothing.

PETER BRINSON

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RETURN OF HOROWITZ

IT is thirteen years since Horowitz last played in England. He is still the fabulous virtuoso we knew before the war: almost incredible flights of bravura still alternate with soft playing of the utmost clarity and beauty of tone. Nor is he merely a faultless piece of musical mechanism. His playing has electric vitality, nervous tension, a touch of magic: his style is very recognisable. Yet, if his great powers seem unchanged, so do his limitations. He has temperament and sensibility; but these qualities, instead of being diffused through the whole personality, seem to have become concentrated wholly in the tips of his fingers.

A French painter—I think it was Cézanne—once remarked: "Monet is only an eye—but, good God, *what* an eye!" It is much the same with Horowitz. In a sense, he is perhaps only fingers—but, good God, *what* fingers! When he began the Third Rachmaninoff Concerto, stroking in the soft opening melody with absolute evenness of touch and the finest gradations of volume, we experienced that complete certainty which is one of the rarest joys of concert-going (in the opera house it is almost extinct). Nothing, we felt, could go wrong; and nothing did. Only in the last movement, in the impetuous theme which rises in large syncopated chords, did a moment's doubt intrude. When Rachmaninoff himself played this theme (not, in truth, a very distinguished one) it used to sound like a fiery charger pawing the ground; in the hands of Horowitz it developed a febrile quality which exposed its weakness.

He began the first of his two recitals with Beethoven's 32 Variations in C minor. One might not suppose that Beethoven would be well suited to his genius; but in fact he has always played these small Variations well, making of each a wonderfully vivid cameo. Four Scarlatti sonatas followed, and in these the light pedalling, the brilliant articulation of the passage-work, the delicate moulding of the melodic line and the amazing clarity and independence of the left hand provided the most acute musical pleasure of the evening (for I should put in another category of enjoyment the breathtaking Moskowski study which he played as an encore). After Scarlatti came the big Liszt Sonata, that compendium of virtuoso pianistics and unabashed romanticism of which it was reasonable to expect from this pianist a superlative performance. With all its virtues, it was not quite that. The elegance of the decorative passages was beyond praise, and no other pianist could have surpassed his clean, unruffled precision in the fugue. Yet, behind external panache and a plausible assumption of the grand manner, there lurked something hollow, something cold, calculating and far removed from the Byronic grandeurs and miseries of Liszt. A hard, shallow tone crept into the crashing successions of big chords, and in those prolonged adagio passages we missed the luxurious self-abandonment of high romanticism. Horowitz certainly allows himself plenty of rubato, he indulges in all manner of hesitations and delayed emphases; but the rubato does not always grow out of the music, the hesitations have become stereotyped and mechanical, and he has reached a point at which he finds it difficult to play any cantabile melody with a long, straight, simple line. Chopin's First Ballade and Schumann's *Träumerei* were quite spoilt by these distortions of the melodic line, which reminded me of the eccentric pauses which certain actors have a way of inserting into a Shakespearean speech with which they have grown too familiar.

It is sad that so magnificently gifted a man should remain obstinately outside the ranks of the supreme pianists of the century—such men as Rosenthal, Rachmaninoff and Josef Hofmann, to name only three whom I have heard myself. It is probably an over-simplification of the issue to diagnose in Horowitz a want of musical sensibility. To me it seems rather that a musical sensibility which is by nature highly acute has been, owing to some psychological obstruction, insufficiently enriched by the diversity of human experience. It is as though this dazzling pianist had been living for decades on a diet of pure keyboard, eating and drinking black notes and white, until the rest of life, and even the rest of music, has begun to grow a little shadowy and unreal. He is a pianist for the piano's sake.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Rommel, Desert Fox," at the Odeon, Leicester Square
"Pick-up," at the London Pavilion
"Dallas," at Warner's

THE serious film-goer is forever making allowances. Certainly the script was banal, but what atmosphere—incoherent and muddy, but such performances! He gazes with pained sadness at those friends who never go save to a "good" film, who would not cross the road to watch Gregg Toland's camerawork or Claude Rains in *Deception*, for whom M.G.M. musicals are moronic and Gene Kelly only a dancer. But even the most serious-minded addict is going to have his work cut out when this week's films reach him. Excuses rush to the mind in every case: *Rommel* is unusually earnest in view of its subject, and after all one can't expect objectivity, especially from Hollywood, so soon after the end of the war; *Pick-up* was made independently for very little money by a brand-new director who has now been encouraged to continue. Gary Cooper, star of *Dallas*, is not as young as he used to be, and we all love Westerns, don't we? The grim facts remain, however. *Dallas*, whichever way

you slice it, is a tired, ungraced piece of work, in cruel Technicolor, with a bad story and superannuated principals. The Cooper charm, the Cooper technique are still abundant: but they are mocked and discredited by the exigencies of the Western film. Perhaps John Ford might be able to make use of them, but certainly not Stuart Heisler, the present director. *Pick-up*, on the other hand, shows clearly that it does not take all the resources of a large studio to make a dull little "B" picture. Hugo Haas, who wrote, starred in and directed it, convinces only in his function as actor. Otherwise this story of the middle-aged husband pretending to be deaf, the young semi-pro. he marries and the muscular handyman, is handled so as to lose the maximum amount of tension and interest. At a time when everyone is anxious to see the growth of independent producers, it is more than ever important not to discredit the idea by winking at palpable failures; one can only hope that Haas improves in later ventures.

As for *Rommel, Desert Fox*, the whole subject is so overlaid with quite ineradicable prejudices that it is difficult to get at the film at all. As a piece of question-begging, *Rommel* is unique. The script concentrates almost exclusively on Rommel's development as an anti-Hitler agent, ignores his abilities as a general (he is only seen in defeat), and invokes Mr. Churchill to support its conclusion that he was a latter-day knight-at-arms. Where so much of the life is skipped, it is no wonder that the film is scrappy. Henry Hathaway, who directed *Fourteen Hours*, does a fair amount to suggest the inner conflict, but he is defeated at the outset by James Mason, playing Rommel as he plays most things, like a not too bright underdog. There is a remarkably bad performance by Cedric Hardwicke, and a brilliant one by Luther Adler as Hitler. News-reel material is used skilfully. The final scenes of the hero's downfall are treated with restraint, which means, as so often, that they fall flat. All in all, our serious-minded friend can make plenty of allowances; but none of them is going to make *Rommel* more than a mediocre film biography of a decidedly suspect kind.

FRANK HAUSER

RADIO NOTES

SPACE being slight and programmes many, I shall pass over the fine but familiar *Uncle Vanya* (of all Chekhov the most suggestive of a Sunday afternoon at the sad end of October) and pause instead at a Home Service feature, *A Field in Dorset*, by Ralph Wightman and Brandon Acton-Bond. This seemed to me a model of writing, speaking and production, and to reach, through some quality of style and atmosphere, a point of real beauty and distinction. It was not an allegory, but a description of the life in and about a piece of ground through the cycle of the year. The parasitic creatures bringing disease to plant and animal were as closely observed as the plants and beasts themselves; they were described with the same unemphatic quietness, absence of anthropomorphism, and the same unconscious poetry.

Among several good talks, the most striking for its material was that by Frank Walker on *Hugo Wolf in his Letters*. Wolf left more than 1900 of these, written between 1873, when he was a schoolboy, and 1899 when he was already in a mental home, four years before his death. This, the first talk of two, deals with the correspondence between the young Wolf and his father, a struggling leather merchant, himself musically gifted but embittered by poverty, frustration, and his unhappy family life. He died a year before his son composed the *Mörike-Lieder*. The characters were sharply evoked in this moving essay; not only in single phrases—on the brother Max, for instance: "totally devoid of artistic feeling—a small-town grocer, mercenary, with waxed moustaches" but in the choice of quotations from the letters.

Ludwig Koch is *sui generis*, an original. You may not enjoy his recordings of the hitherto unrecorded; you can hardly fail to respect or admire his gift. The trouble is that Nature is disconcertingly unlike Art; the voice of the nightingale, say, falls oddly short of the *idea* of the song we get from poets. *Music of the Sea* ("a sound picture without words")—the first of four programmes devised by Dr. Koch—was curiously effective, though; perhaps because a touch of art, or imagination, was used in the presenting of nature. Here was Dr. Koch, mild and wise, suggesting Merlin if not Prospero, announcing that we should hear Atlantic rollers, water in a cave, seals at play, sea-birds nesting, a mermaid singing, and other variations on his subject. It was so; almost overpoweringly. Against the long withdrawing roars I listened carefully for the mermaid, whose thin voice, sure enough, could be heard between breaking waves, singing (for greater convincingness) no recognisable tune. Alan Lomax's *Over the Sea to Skye*, a "ballad opera," based on contemporary records and songs, about Charles Edward Stewart's flight through the Highlands, had enough authenticity and vigour in its narrative to balance the sentimentality that still hangs about the princeling's legend, but what a reminder it was that the devil—in this case, the Young Pretender—has all the best tunes! The Highland setting, and the fatally attractive songs make this the hardest of all Bad History to resist, or unlearn—harder than the un-whitewashing of Richard Coeur de Lion or of the aristocrats of the French Revolution. What is happening in schools to-day, I wonder?

Subscribing to no political party, I listened with innocent detachment (but not without some cramps and twitchings) to a week of election broadcasts, for guidance on How To Vote. It may be that my requirements in speeches of this kind are unconventional. The patent lie; the sneer; rancour, ranting, shrillness and oratory; perversions of recent history—these sadly shake my confidence. I search, too, among the pathos and promises, for an appeal to something other than self-interest. On all counts, then, the highest marks to Mr. Griffiths, who made the point that a vote for his Party was a vote for the unrepresented in the Colonies. A good pass to Mr. Dingle Foot, who was restrained and analytic, not promising rashly nor criticising unfairly. Lord Woolton ("give us more red meat to eat") fell very low. Miss Hornsby-Smith, alas .... In the unnatural studio silence one missed a kindly answering voice to make a few wholesome corrections.

NAOMI LEWIS

"The White Sheep of the Family," at the Piccadilly

The Winters—James Winter, J.P., his wife, son and daughter—come from a long line of respectable and successful thieves on both sides of the family, stretching back four generations. They are all artists in their different lines and stiff with hereditary professional pride. When the son, infatuated with a girl, decides to "go straight," it's a decision hard to forgive. Such is the amusing topsy-turvy notion behind this comedy and in the practised hands of L. du Garde Peach and Ian Hay, and with Jack Hulbert in the leading part, it can hardly go wrong. But one can't help regretting that such a pretty notion hasn't worked out a little better. A touch more invention and fantasy all round—in writing, acting and producing—would have carried it into that special top class of English absurdity. Instead it remains on the respectable level of middle-class domestic comedy, of the kind which keep repertory companies busy for years, extracting most of its fun from puns on stock situations. The actors will soon settle down—at present they never seem quite sure from moment to moment what mode they are playing in: but Miss Joyce Carey makes an imperturbable wife and Mr. Denys Blakelock is given a "sitter" in the part of an absent-minded vicar.

T. C. W.

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Josef Herman, at Roland, Browse and Delbanco

Herman, who was born in Warsaw in 1911, is deservedly becoming well known. He is certainly one of the best draughtsmen working in this country. Among the 25 drawings in this show, there are several small masterpieces, which are strong, not just because they are boldly drawn, but also because they derive from nervous and powerful observation. He draws a miner sitting on his heels, and interprets, as well as the actual forms, the separate self-containment of the pose, the miner's awareness of his own muscles. He draws a miner talking, and qualifies the firmness of his stance by the gesture of his arms, by the way his clothes hang. His drawings, in fact, are organic; they grow—their implications going deeply back into their subjects—like roots. His paintings, which are changing (he now uses a deep blue as a foil to his heavy warm colours), are still dark and monumental—like secular altar-pieces. They are not easy to look at, for they are as unglamorous and gruff as, when all sentimentalities have been discarded, their subjects are. He rejects the easy and the obvious; his figures, bent over a furrow, are not silhouetted against the sky like Millet's, but are barely discernible against the brown earth; he expresses not the "dignity of man" but something far less easily abused—his obstinacy. J. B.

Correspondence

REFORM OF RENT CONTROL

SIR,—Property owners are constantly advocating increases in the rents of controlled tenancies, and claiming especially that pegged rents render it economically impossible to keep controlled premises in reasonable repair.

While it is of course true that the rents payable in respect of controlled premises have not increased since 1939, yet real property ownership viewed as a whole has not suffered particular hardship. Landlords have no empty controlled premises on their hands. New lettings can be made without incurring letting fees to agents. And what is most important, rents obtained from uncontrolled property have risen considerably. Shops and business premises are commonly let at over twice the 1939 rentals, and uncontrolled flats command scarcity rents.

The effect of these counter-balancing features can be seen by examining the records of five of the largest Real Property Companies. The dividends paid on their ordinary shares were as follows:—

Company	1938	1950
A	6%	11%
B	12	15
C	4	5
D	11	9
E	7½	8½

These figures do not support the contention that landowning is a depressed industry requiring assistance. A particular part of that industry, namely the letting of controlled premises, is not doing as well as the rest of the industry. But any manufacturer has to take the rough with the smooth. Why should landlords be privileged to split their property so as to claim to be helped on one part of their business, while leaving out of account the more remunerative part?

Many landlords own only controlled property and in their case the counter-balancing features are not so substantial. But to allow increases of controlled rents would be another turn in the inflation spiral, and no doubt would excite another crop of demands for wage increases.

A fair solution, I suggest, would be an annual levy from all uncontrolled property, of say 50 per cent, of the difference between the 1938 and the 1950 rents. The pool thus formed by the levy to be used to effect necessary repairs to controlled premises, possibly through the agency of the War Damage Commission, which in fact does operate on rather similar principles.

Details would of necessity have to be filled in, but the principle I am now advocating is that landowning should be considered as a whole, and that the substantial profits made on the one side of the industry should be used so as to avoid increases in the rents of controlled tenancies, and the consequent spread of inflation. M. P. PICARD

Reform Club, S.W.1.

PAKISTAN TRIALS

SIR,—I am a British citizen by birth, domicile and everything else, but I have relatives at Karachi (Pakistan) by marriage. Last July one of these relations was detained by the Karachi police without charge or trial. For a long time I have been vainly trying to send a little money for the wife and children thus rendered destitute. The police have deliberately prevented any assistance reaching them and in that connection I would ask you to give publicity to the following facts.

(1) The man's family was not informed of his arrest. When the wife made inquiries the police told her they did not know where he was.

(2) Soon afterwards she gave birth to a child. While she was lying-in, with four other very young children around her, the police kept watch and prevented other people from going into the house to her assistance. Her life was therefore exposed to danger, let alone what might have happened to the other children, the youngest not yet two years old.

(3) After six weeks the husband was charged and remanded on bail. Ever since then he has been awaiting trial and is without work. He was till now a junior Government officer with a long record of service. Several employers offered him jobs, but in every case the police threatened them.

(4) Local people who have tried to help the family have been beaten by the police.

(5) An air mail letter finally reached me several weeks after posting and I then sent a cheque on my current account in a well-known English bank at Karachi. The bank did not honour the cheque, saying that the police had taken it away from them. I sent another draft through my bank in London. This was not even delivered to the addressee.

The High Commissioner for Pakistan promised me some time ago to obtain information as to the fate of the children—which is all I asked. He also assured me that I need have no anxiety about letters not being delivered or despatched from Pakistan, because no censorship of any kind was in force. I can only wonder how the police knew of the existence of my cheque unless they had read my letters.

Meanwhile I would be grateful if anyone can advise me how, if the banks do not function at Karachi any longer, I can send relief to an innocent woman, in need of medical treatment as a result of her confinement, her new-born infant and four other little children. M. ASHRAF

14 Hampstead Hill Gardens,
London, N.W.3.

WAR CRIMINALS

SIR,—While I disagree very strongly with Menahem Begin's political views, and condemn many of Irgun Zwei Leumi's actions, especially those taken against the Arabs, I cannot understand Crossman's reasoning when he describes Begin as a war criminal and compares *The Revolt* with Paget's *Manstein*.

Begin's view, which surely contained a great deal of truth, was that once the British Government had violated the terms of the Mandate, their troops in Palestine were a foreign occupation army preventing the Jews from carrying out their just rights in respect of immigration and colonisation. Begin's answer was, therefore, to act against the occupation troops in the same way as any other national resistance movement. He was in fact doing exactly the same as the Maquis had done in France or the partisans in Yugoslavia; he can surely be no more described as a war criminal than, for example, Marshal Tito.

Crossman will surely agree that all this is very different to what Manstein did. He as commander of an army waging aggressive war in a foreign country, was responsible for some of the most cold-blooded atrocities and reprisals of the last war.

23 Hollycroft Avenue, S. M. NEUFELD
London, N.W.3.

WHITE SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—Your correspondent, V. Burcherd, of Johannesburg, states that "unless White South Africans control their hysteria and seek a sensible and far-sighted solution before it is too late, they will pay the penalty of their own obtuse and obstinate mental attitude," and he concludes that "nothing will help them." Mr. Burcherd is, I presume, a White South African. He is, in any event, himself a victim of hysteria. South Africans who feel as he does are prone to it; we are affected by the present and we are afraid of the future, and we are forced to relieve feelings of guilt and fear. The means by which such relief is obtained has, however, an element of the melodramatic, of the sentimental. Letters like that of Mr. Burcherd, the conversation of one's friends, even public speeches by so-called Liberal leaders, all similarly motivated, seem to me to be the products of people who are by no means even in the limbo of our "emotional and moral hell." If the means by which South Africa will "be forced to face the fact of racial equality . . . are horrible to contemplate," why do not Mr. Burcherd and others who feel like him develop and practise an alternative means of social coercion? Armed force is at present the monopoly of the ruling minority, but the creation and effective use of a passive resistance movement, for example, would not only prove their sincerity, but could be a considerable factor in compelling alleviation of our own private hell. Should Mr. Burcherd and others not be prepared to make the necessary sacrifices to develop some such means, and preferably one which is moral and effective, it would be better for South Africa if they left this kind of hysteria to the other White South Africans they apparently wish to attack, or recognise it for what it is, self-pity. JACOB I. DE VILLIERS

Gonville and Caius College,
Cambridge.

SIR,—I was surprised at the omission of any reference to the colour bar in the copper belt from Basil Davidson's article in your issue of September 29. Ten years ago a pamphlet of mine discussed this dangerous example of racial discrimination in Northern Rhodesia, where Africans as such are prohibited from doing skilled work on the copper mines. This prohibition is based not on law but on custom

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fortified by either an explicit agreement or a private arrangement between the White miners' union and the mine-owners. This situation has in the past allowed the Colonial Office to disclaim all responsibility for the colour bar. In 1948, however, it sent Mr. Andrew Dalgleish, a British trade unionist, to investigate the matter anew and his Report suggested ways and means of relaxing the colour bar without detriment to the interests of the present white miners. Why has his Report had no effect?

The British Press is addicted to criticism of South Africa's racial policies. I do not complain of that. But should those who throw stones risk living in a glass house? The possibility of a self-governing federation in Rhodesia makes it more urgent to abolish this colour-bar. If it continues, it will lead to worse disturbances one of these days than it did in 1935 and 1940.

I must not leave my reference to Mr. Davidson purely critical. During twenty years' study of race relations in southern Africa, I have never read in a British periodical a series of articles on the subject more perceptive or better balanced than his.

University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. JULIAS LEWIN

THE GERMAN SCENE

SIR,—A line to congratulate you on "German Diary." We live in a world of raving lunatics, and of moral values gone widdershins.

For what, for what did millions die in this last war, *and* the 1914 war? In a year or two from now, Europe will be German-dominated, German-owned. The big bugs in America have always meant that it should be. The Germans in their view are the perfect policemen. And the French—with their civilised, pacific, humane, revolutionary traditions and inclinations—are the real danger to Europe!

A plague on these people in England who applaud what the Americans are doing, who furtively (and not so furtively) adore the Boche brasshats and rejoice at their return to power, who pour into the Rommel film, who never went near the Odette film.

IRENE RATHBONE

15 Markham Square, Chelsea, S.W.3.

MRS. ASIMINA AMBATIELOS

SIR,—The whole argument—to say nothing of the strictures—of the Haldane Society regarding the case of Mrs. Ambatielos is based on a document described as "the indictment"; it is therefore superfluous to reply to Mr. Elton's letter, for the simple reason that the document to which he refers is *not* the indictment. A translation of the genuine document, specifying the charges mentioned in my letter to the *Birmingham Post* and giving the names of 27 witnesses, has already been sent to Mr. Elton direct.

A. A. PALLIS
Minister Plenipotentiary,

34 Hyde Park Square, London, W.2.

TYNESIDE STORY

SIR,—Mr. Basil Davidson refers in his Tyneside Story to a Kemsley newspaper monopoly on Tyneside. He appears to have confused, somewhat, Newcastle with Tyneside proper, in which, by the way, Sunderland is not generally included.

To be exact, there are two other evening newspapers on Tyneside in addition to the *Evening Chronicle* at Newcastle. They are the *Shields Gazette*, of South Shields (which circulates along the south bank of the Tyne as far as Hebburn), and the *Shields Evening News*, at North Shields (Tynemouth, Wallsend, Whitley Bay, etc.), both old-established. The *Shields Gazette* was founded as a weekly in 1849, turned to evening publication in 1855 on the repeal of the Stamp Duty, and is now the oldest provincial evening newspaper. Its editors have included such well-known journalists as Aaron Watson, James Annand, and G. B. Hodgson, later joint general manager of the Press Association.

Any review of Tyneside, historically or industrially, can hardly be complete without some reference to South Shields—a county borough of 106,000 people (which celebrated the centenary of its incorporation last year), perhaps the leading centre of ship repairing in the country, the home of one of the last family shipbuilding yards, the birthplace of the lifeboat, the site of a Roman station, the universal provider of the nation's merchant seamen, and somewhere near the top of the housing list with more than 3,000 homes built since the end of the war.

FRANK STANIFORTH
Editor
Shields Gazette

SAINTS' DAY

SIR,—Mr. T. C. Worsley is certainly right to reopen the question of Mr. John Whiting's prize-winning play; but his article illustrates very well the nature of our dissatisfaction with the critics' verdict; for in a thousand words there is not one about the *play*.

Mr. Worsley tells us that there is a division of opinion; that the truth may lie between two extremes; that people in the theatre don't like being criticised, and that they exaggerate technical achievement . . . but why not talk about the *play*?

Mr. Worsley seems to think that it is the severity of the critics' verdict that has brought Sir Galahads to the defence of Mr. Whiting's play. Not at all. Severity in itself is not harmful. How much Messrs. Shaw and O'Casey might have profited, how much Mr. Eliot on one wing and Mr. Rattigan on the other might still profit from the right kind of severity! But it must be severity with discernment.

Discernment is the critic's gift, and it seems a lost gift; that is the reason for our alarm and indignation. What then should have been discerned here? First, that it was not an occasion for levity. When a small permanent theatre has organised a competition which strains its resources; when a thousand plays have been submitted, and eminent judges have made their decision after seeing three finalists produced on the stage; if the result is utter failure, this in itself is important. The true critic is as much interested in failure as in success, for there is always something profoundly exciting about failure on the grand scale. Yet the critic of *The Times* spoke for his colleagues in this as in other things when he said that "one would not know where to begin" to criticise the play. Just so. It is the critic's job to know where to begin; let him probe, let him analyse, find the seat of the trouble, frame standards for judgment, let him condemn, let him do anything except throw up his hands and scream.

Mr. Worsley now seems ready to concede that *Saints' Day* had "technical achievement." What does he mean by that? That it was well produced and acted? That is certainly true, and it should have been said ungrudgingly, because this would have led to a question: Can bricks be made without straw? Could Mr. Stephen Murray, could Mr. Michael Hordern, have done what they did with a worthless text? ORMEROD GREENWOOD

11 Clifton Hill, N.W.

STAFFORD SOUTERS

SIR,—"Stafford Souters," a charming causerie, contains one regrettable error. As an Afrikaner I almost feel hurt that Mr. Aylmer Vallance appears not to agree with the axiom "*ex Africa aliquod novum*." The *veldtschoen* he so rightly praises was not invented by the Lotus people in 1913 but by the Hottentots of South Africa before the advent of the White man three hundred years ago. I must also protest against the spelling which gives the word a meaning it does not possess.

The shoe has nothing to do with the *veldtrôm*; it is made of *vel*—untanned hide. The Afrikaans spelling is *velskoen—schoen* is the Hollands spelling of the early colonists and *veldt* went out of "Dutch" centuries ago and, in Afrikaans, has always been spelt *veld*.

So, agreeing with everything said in praise of the *velskoen*, may I suggest that the correct name be given to Lotus's admirable adaptation?

Pretoria. P. BRUCHHAUSEN

SIR,—Aylmer Vallance's interesting article on boot and shoe making past and present calls for comments which have a peculiar significance in the new economic era we are just entering. The handcraftsmen of the shoe trade still claim that hand-made shoes are more economic, more weatherproof, and more hygienic than machine-made. In discussing this point with a Northampton manufacturer some five years ago, I was told that a pair of hand-made shoes would cost me £6 whereas a top-grade machine-made pair would cost £3. After that I got into touch with a first-class Northampton craftsman, who agreed to make me a pair of shoes, which to-day is the best and most comfortable pair of shoes I have ever had. They cost me £3. I then told him what the manufacturer had said to me. Yes, he said, if you went to your retailer he would charge you £6. He, his wholesaler, and the manufacturer would each add £1 profit. The "economy" of the handcraftsman is local, and thus cuts out three profits.

The big firms, with costly machinery, and in keen competition, must keep their machinery running full strength or go bankrupt. They inevitably over-produce, to overcome which they resort to fashion and all manner of freakish designs, from low to high heels, then back again.

In the world conditions, however, that are now emerging, raw material shortages will soon put an end to these wasteful processes and force down production to the natural demand. They may indeed bring conditions which will make possible the return of the craftsmen in many industries. To-day the shoe craftsmen of Northampton are "made-out" with orders.

WILFRED WELLOCK

Orchard Lea, New Longton, Preston.

JOSEPHINE BUTLER

SIR,—I am preparing a new "life" of Josephine Butler, the great protagonist of women's rights and welfare, and would be grateful to any of your readers who possess them for the loan of letters and other documents, photographs, etc., suitable for the purpose. They would be returned as soon as possible.

16 Queen's Road, Sale, Manchester. CHARLES RIGBY

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THE BODLEY HEAD

Books in General

It has been found, in general, that our contemporary novel suffers from some deficiency—there is, somewhere, failure of power, weakness, loss, inability fully to give out heat, light and conviction, in the mass of serious fiction which comes our way; and in the less serious even the day-dream cools. Too often, the preoccupation with art (for never more may the novelist hope to be unself-conscious) makes the aesthetic framework too obvious—not because the aesthetic should not be there but because the human content seems different, thin and small. There is an effect of internal vacuum. Can this be traced, perhaps, to absence of the necessary obsession? In major novels—is it too much to say?—obsession is to be felt twice over. Its presence provides the theme and its play the plot; at the same time the novelist can be felt to be held by an obsession with his own subject.

The tears shed by Flaubert *as* Emma Bovary are, ultimately, inseparable from the tears and sweat he shed over the work of giving her form in art. Absolute detachment is impossible, and, were it possible, would be fatal—semi-detachment, a sort of shifting, cautious, ambivalent attitude on the part of the novelist to his characters already serves the novel badly enough. Man matters—no dissolution of ideas round him, threats, pressures or changes in his condition can dislodge him from his individual fortress of importance. Man is the centre of the Universe—knowing he is not, he continues to feel he is. He is creator, not creature, of his environment, agent of his own destiny, actor in his own drama. For the novelist who is no longer able to see man as he secretly sees himself, the time has probably come to lay down the pen. The difficulty is, in the present day, to find a man to show as *he* sees himself, without being forced to construct, for his operation, a world almost wholly out of the true. And we have exhausted the merits of the subjective landscape—just as the guise of the character must be realistic, his setting (physical, social and geographic) must conform to what does now exist and is known. That remains a law of the novel, and we are not to break it. As we now live, and see life, there would seem to be an increasing discrepancy between fact, or circumstance, and feeling, or the romantic will; and the novelist, in his search for a scale to work on, is increasingly worried by the discrepancy. But, looking back, is it not on that very discrepancy that tragedy for its force and comedy for its richness have relied? The thing has never been simple: the novel has never not been at grips with modern society.

It may be that contemporary man, who offers the contemporary novelist his character, begins to be dwarfed by his sense of his own time, to envisage less through the fear of envisaging too much, and to seek anonymity, passivity, uniformity in some hope of escaping the eye of fate. He may be less apt to tower in his own view, or to assume his own dramatic importance. But this is unlikely—we may conceal but we always generate fantasies: not even the minor character is without them, and the major character not only entertains them but makes them felt. There continue to be giants in possibility—there is something wrong with the novelist who cannot perceive them, who refutes them, says they are obsolete, then complains he does not know where to turn. V. S. Pritchett has never been shy of the outsize character; he triumphs in giving us *Mr. Beluncle**.

This novel could have no other, better name: exactly speaking, the character is the story. There are events, occurrences, but in all cases Philip Beluncle is either directly or indirectly their prime cause. Father-figure, though an uneasy father, Mr. Beluncle also thinks he is God—as his wife Ethel explains, in parenthesis. He has three sons, Henry, George and Leslie, and a semi-senile mother dwelling under his roof, in an outlying London suburb, Boystone. Ups-and-downs of fortune, switches of occupation, unostentatious changes of residence have been and are likely to be constant: at present (that is, within the time of the story) we have Beluncle floating on a surface prosperity, partner in a small business, manufacturing furniture. "Bulux" (his inspiration) has become the smiling name of the firm; his co-partner, a widow, is Mrs. Truslove—she has provided the capital, he, he believes, the drive. Religious roving, also, is at a pause; directed by his belief in "Mind," Mr. Beluncle has come to rest in a worship based on the teachings of a Mrs. Parkinson.

> If All is Mind and Mind is All,
> Man cannot sin and did not fall.
> Hold to this thought and we shall be
> At one with Mind in harmony,

sing the Boystone Parkinsonians, on Sunday morning.

> The church of the Parkinsonians was a place of flowers and smiles. The Parkinsonians smiled in the hall as they greeted each other. Out in the town they were proud of the ridicule they suffered and their faces reported to each other the week's tale of quiet triumphs . . . The Parkinsonians—their correct name was the Church of the Last Purification, Toronto—were a healthy-looking collection of clean, smiling people, broad and bummy, whether male or female, and, with the exception of one or two poor people among them, they dressed expensively. Among the summer dresses, the fine hats—some of them from Bond Street—and the scents, there sat living examples of prayer promptly answered; and the satisfaction of it added to the weight of the person. People who were converted to the Purification put on weight at once, as if it had been sent down to them by the Central Committee of the party.

The high social *cachet* of Parkinsonianism is, in these days of summer, part of the general sunshine in which Beluncle basks. Lady Roads, priestess of the cult, has a well-to-do problem nephew, Mr. Chilly, who has paid a considerable premium into Bulux in order to learn the business: he learns little. Mrs. Truslove, though not a convert to the Purification, has a crippled sister who is among the worshippers; the miraculous curing of Miss Dykes is shortly to be reported to Toronto. Mr. Phibbs, the Boystone station-master, father of Mary, Henry Beluncle's sweetheart, is another adherent of this church. Ethel Beluncle refuses spiritual experience; Henry and George, in this as in other matters, yield, though dividedly, to paternal pressure. The extent and exercise of that pressure, its variations, the attempts of the boys to slither from under it, provide the tormenting comedy of the story—for Beluncle, also, suffers.

> It seemed to Beluncle that he was surrounded by a family who took everything from him and were trying to break him; but what especially he did not like was the physical appearance of his sons. They were growing to be men and he felt this was a sickness that was overtaking them, for their voices were thin, light and nasal, they were pompous and rash in their opinions, their feelings were evidently in a continuous lightheaded flutter, and their shyness embarrassed him. Every time he saw them he thought them half-grown and he could hardly resist striking them in their weak faces, in which he saw the garbled lineaments of himself. "I'd like," he said apologetically, "to knock their blocks off." He ordered them, he thwarted them abruptly, he shouted at them, his violence growing more troubled as they got older, but not from any conscious policy. They had been in him and now like three callow lunatics they were trying to get out.

Leslie, the precocious last of the trio, has taken up a satiric stand of his own. George, the doglike infatuate, hangs about at home, awaiting the promised job. "You said when I left school you would see about a job," said George. "I left at Christmas." "God has the right work waiting for you when you are ready for it," said Beluncle. "Hasn't he?" "I don't know," said George. "You said you'd ask Mr. Miller." Henry, nineteen, clerk in the firm of Bulux, collapses from resolve after resolve—

> —weak, afraid and secretive before his father. Before that warm, full, decided voice his desires had gone. He had now only one desire, the desire not to burst into tears . . .

Release for Henry finally is the outcome of a twist at the end of the scene about Mary Phibbs: the love-illusion dissolves, as though under acid, but Henry makes known his intention of quitting Bulux. Mr. Beluncle for the first time sees in his son a will. Hitherto there has been resistance from women only—from Ethel, the wife, from Mrs. Truslove, the business partner. Mrs. Truslove, pale, abrupt and collected, has long been wishing to be seduced; her true consummation has been to be seduced financially. Desire, in Beluncle, works upon shifted ground. "He noticed that sex was discussed everywhere, but he preferred to manœuvre it out of the way, the sexual instinct interfered with the acquisitive." In him, a burning disturbance is caused by money. Ethel, from whom nothing is to be got, is no longer an object of desire, but she mates with one instinct in Beluncle: she is an inspired, tireless quarreller. Epic show-downs shake the Beluncle home, and are, as unique, a source of family pride—Henry despises the sickly unity of the Phibbses.

What, then, is this operator, this Mr.

* *Mr. Beluncle.* By V. S. Pritchett. *Ghatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Beluncle? One has the impression that Mr. Pritchett is not so much his creator as the holder of a secret key to his works. We have a figure heaving forward at us out of the print, a dense, florid, abundant, intolerable physical personality, collecting detail, fusing extraordinary attributes into itself as the book proceeds. Force gathers, and the Beluncle mind, with its leaps and side-steps, imposes itself on us by its mad consistency. This is a man in his early fifties, who has juggled with projects and fled from creditors; prosperity now is a crust, with a gulf beneath. Humiliations and flittings have left their scar on his family, but engendered also their haughtiness: they feel themselves set apart. Beluncle has nothing but what he is—he is the indigenous giant of a lower-middle-class jungle of fears and rumours, the manipulator of the success legend, the big boy of the dolls-house suburban and petty business world. Everything he does or touches becomes an affair—with God, with the house Marbella, with the motor car, with Lady Roads's potential of more money, with the West End offices refurbished, with the lobster so suddenly bought. We quit Beluncle at the lip of yet another abyss: is it real to him? Less real than he has been to us.

Mr. Beluncle, at once acrid and perfect comedy, fulfils requirements: here is our missing novel, without deficiency. Mr. Pritchett has set in motion, it may be found, a revolving rather than a progressing plot: the core is character, events are repercussions. Dialogue illustrates, and the visual setting—July Boystone and Hetley, the built-about city factory—is of a sureness which induces a repeated surprise. The art is deliberate, but what might be for the reader halting or cooling effects of deliberation are dazzlingly swept away; for here is a case of what might be meant by obsession. Mr. Pritchett gives us a preposterous, major man. *Mr. Beluncle* not only reasserts but enriches the English novel tradition.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

ISLAND POEM

Beneath the corrie and the laval flow
I kindled here upon the rocks
The flame of flowers they did not know;
The peat rejects my paradox,
My will upon them will not grow.

Into the peat the petals moulder;
Above, the rowan's twisted branch,
The scree, the hill's sea-leaning shoulder,
The gathering of the avalanche,
The climber's bones beneath the boulder.

The red rock and the rowan tree,
The plunging arrow of the gannet,
Were symbols of a certainty;
The cruel tactile edge of granite
Held back the harsh high-pluming sea.

But any arm that stems the sea
Can claw the shrinking planks apart;
The rocks that pierce the carvelled tree
Are strong to harbour and to hurt—
O shield and spear unite in me.

One with the island now, my hull
Is clenched within the creviced rock;
One with the sea when tide is full
She holds the power of shield and shock,
The sheltering arm, the hidden skull.

GAVIN MAXWELL

TOWN VERSUS COUNTRY

Marx against the Peasant. By DAVID MITRANY. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 25s.

Professor Mitrany has written a book of the first importance, one of those rare books which starts new thinking on a hackneyed subject. His theme is the land and what Socialists have tried to make of it in theory and practice. Marx had no agrarian theory. He generalised, as usual, from English experience and assumed that the peasant would be destroyed everywhere as he had been here; then, in a Socialist state, the land would be cultivated by "armies of labourers." Being a man of supreme intellectual gifts, he had doubts at the end of his life about his own doctrine, and in a letter to Vera Zasulich (which was only published in full fifty years after his death) conceded that the Russian *mir* might evolve directly into Socialism. His followers knew nothing of Marx's hesitation and continued to treat the peasant as an enemy who had to disappear before Socialism could be established. This was true not only of the Marxists. The British Labour Party, too, had no agrarian programme. Its only proposal before it came to power was the nationalisation of the land; and its achievement since 1945 has been to make capitalist farming stronger than ever before, at the expense both of the smallholder and of the community. Lenin alone faced the problem of the peasant; his interest was purely tactical. The peasant was to be induced to hoist the proletariat into the saddle; and then he was to be destroyed at leisure. This was typical of Lenin. Marx was concerned with observation and deduction; Lenin with power and the force of human will. Far from going with history, Lenin made history go with him.

Having thus explained Socialist agrarian theory, Mr. Mitrany goes on to display Socialism in action, as shown in the Soviet Union between the wars, and in East-Central Europe after the second war. Communist policy towards the peasant follows a simple pattern—in Russia, in the satellites, and soon no doubt in China. First the peasants are given the land so as to win their backing for the revolution in the towns. Then the class war is brought to the village; an attempt is made to split rich and poor peasants, and the Kulak replaces the capitalist as chief Marxist villain. Finally the Communists lose patience with all peasants alike and sweep them into the collective farms, in preparation for the Marxist "armies of labourers." There is never a genuine alliance between workers and peasants. The workers, or to be more accurate the Communists, use the peasants in order to reach "the commanding heights"; then turn on the peasants and seek to destroy them. Yet there has never been a successful working-class revolution. Marxism postulated workers' revolutions in advanced industrial countries; in fact, it has won power only in backward countries as the by-product of a peasant revolution. It is hardly surprising that a "scientific" theory which worked out so oddly should lead to endless conflict when applied to the peasants. The great merit of Mr. Mitrany's book is to show that the conflict between Communists and peasants was embedded in Marxist theory from the beginning; and he argues that Russian history ever since 1917 has been a prolonged and persistent effort to make the facts fit the theory.

Mr. Mitrany has admirably fulfilled his explicit task of showing the agrarian failure of Socialism. The implications of his book are more disputable. He argues that the peasant community must be judged as a way of life, not on its productive efficiency. This argument, if accepted, destroys the programme, often advocated by Western writers, of industrialising Eastern Europe. Mr. Mitrany himself prefers the alternative of more variegated farming, which implies ultimately more self-sufficiency and less production for the market. All this rests on the assumption that the peasant wants to remain a peasant. But does he? Mr. Mitrany argues that he has shown it in action. But this may be for lack of an alternative. When there was unrestricted emigration in the nineteenth century, hundreds of thousands of peasants showed that they did not want to remain peasants; and even to-day they leave the land whenever there is a big city near-by. In fact, preserving the peasantry is quite as artificial as exterminating them. If everyone was free to move to Paris or the United States, no one would be left on the land except Dr. Maček and Mr. Mitrany, intellectuals both.

There is something more. Mr. Mitrany seems to imply that the struggle between town and country, as fought in the Russian civil war of 1932-3, was an unnecessary accident, caused by the mistakes of the Marxist theory. But is not the struggle between town and country the fundamental fact of all history? The man who grows food must somehow be brought to hand it over to the man who does not. He can be humbugged out of it. This is the way of feudalism. The peasant has his barns emptied while he is bowing to the priest and the baron. Or he can be bribed out of it. This is the way of capitalism. The peasant, having straightened his back, hands over food in exchange for industrial goods. This process cannot go on for ever, as we are learning to our cost with every rise of food prices. For man must eat every day; but he buys a wireless set only once in a lifetime. The more prosperous the peasant the less inclination he has to sell his food. But the towns must still eat. If the peasant will not buy industrial goods or hand over his produce from sense of social duty, what remains for the towns except to use their superior physical force and compel the peasant to feed them? Far from being obscurantist or stupid, Stalinism pointed the way which all industrial civilisation must follow if it is to survive. The peasant no longer respects us; he is satiated with our products; our last chance is to make him fear us. We must get the fetters on him before he starves us out. Marx was no doubt misled by English experience; but he was surely right when he foresaw that the economics of plenty, which Socialism assumes, can only work so long as the towns keep the upper hand. He wanted to finish the struggle for good and all by liquidating the peasantry; but, failing this Utopian solution, the towns have to practise the doctrine which is the basis of all civilised life: "We have the Maxim gun, and they have not."

A. J. P. TAYLOR

THE DISCURSIVE SCIENTIST

Everything has a History. By J. B. S. HALDANE. *Allen & Unwin.* 16s.

Everything has a History and the history of these short essays is that most of them were written for the *Daily Worker*. They cannot accurately be described as transitory, for they consist of observations on scientific facts, many of which are fairly stable; yet they are undisguised specimens of daily journalism, reflecting brief events, even the weather in the streets. The impression that these are fugitive pieces, intended to be short-lived as the mayfly, is strengthened by the evident hastiness of their writing. "In this year the sun was totally eclipsed at Ur, in Iraq, and next year it was captured by the Elamites"—a statement which makes it unreasonable later to criticise Mr. C. S. Lewis for peopling the planets with angels.

In the blurb this book is commended to teachers as an easily digested summary of recent scientific theories; they should be warned that Professor Haldane is not equally reliable in all the many departments of science and learning which he attempts to summarise. On his home ground of evolutionary biology, zoology and genetics he is at his best, full of entertaining accounts and comments concerning the strange creatures nature has tried out on our Earth. For astronomy he is presumably an equally trustworthy guide, though it is hard to cram the universe into so small a space; when it comes to geology he must be read critically, and on pre-

history he should not be read at all. The essay on *Science and Prehistory* is scrappy and out of focus, while that provocatively entitled *Was England a Jugoslav Colony?* is wholly misleading. It is not a mark of bourgeois prejudice to be indignant when an entirely incorrect story of the dawn of civilisation in Britain leads to the expression of a hope that further lessons in civilisation will soon reach us from eastern Europe.

A politically religious scientist is interesting in many ways. Professor Haldane condemns experts who attain high place through being positive when they should cautiously state probabilities; he himself is exceedingly cautious in estimating how far eugenics can successfully guide the future evolution of our species. He recognises the importance of purely human values, seeing that it would be unhappy if an ardent wooer were obliged to link his proposal of marriage with reservations relating to the blood antigens of the beloved. Again, he believes that society must allow the most various types of men to develop freely: "Liberty is the practical recognition of human polymorphism" is his way of putting it. Yet in direct political comment all such tolerant objectivity is forgotten. Shockingly invalid analogues are drawn between political and natural history. After describing certain insect habits Professor Haldane adds: "This development of parental care and social life from parasitism is one of the most amazing in the whole history of evolution. It may of course be compared with the evolution of human society through slavery and class oppression to communism." It is surely also political doctrine that keeps from his speculations on the future of mankind any mention of what to many of us is its most obvious and terrible danger: extreme overcrowding and the exhaustion of natural resources.

As the title implies, the underlying philosophy of *Everything has a History* is evolutionary. It reveals with the starkness of hasty, over-simplified utterance the assumptions of all those increasingly popular systems of thought, not necessarily Marxist, whose values depend upon life as an evolving process, a kind of million-year plan without a Planner. There is no longer pie in the sky, but we must all devote our lives to straining after some nameless confection of the future. Bliss for a future life as a substitute for bliss in a future life. Let us not become enslaved to a linear idea of time, forget the enduring value of all that is created, or postpone fulfilment to a future we cannot live. Present mirth hath present laughter, and the individual his one life. JACQUETTA HAWKES

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15s. JONATHAN CAPE

NEW NOVELS

A Breeze of Morning. By CHARLES MORGAN. *Macmillan*. 10*s*. 6*d*.
Childhood at Oriol. By MICHAEL BURN. *Hart-Davis*. 15*s*.
The Silver Locusts. By RAY BRADBURY. *Hart-Davis*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Two novels about childhood and one about the future—this week's batch might well (if I were the right sort of critic) furnish an excuse for a pertinent little essay about Trends in Contemporary Fiction. But *Trendismus*, alas (and if the German word doesn't exist, then it jolly well ought to), is not my cup of tea, and I will confine myself to saying that, of the two prevalent forms of escape—nostalgia and prophecy—I infinitely prefer the former; not merely because it is cosier, but because its exponents tend, on the whole, to be better writers than their neo-Wellsian colleagues.

Of Mr. Morgan it can at least be said that he has a good alibi; his nostalgia is bred in the bone, the disease, with him, is congenital rather than acquired. An impenitent romantic, he enjoys, oddly enough, a far greater reputation in France and Italy than in his own country—with the result, of course, that English critics are inclined to look down their noses at him. The Latin races are, as we all know, notoriously erratic in their assessments of Eng. Lit.—look at the way they have overpraised Byron, Poe, Wilde! No wonder, then, that Mr. Morgan, in his role of *inglese italianizzato*, should be regarded, on this side of the Channel, with a certain mistrust. Yet this attitude is, I think, rather unfair to Mr. Morgan who, within the limits of his own particular *genre*, seems to me to be one of the most proficient and distinguished novelists now writing in English. Too proficient, perhaps—he is every inch the professional *homme de lettres*, and, being fully aware of his limitations, he has rung the changes on his own favourite themes with a dexterity which, to some critics, has seemed altogether too facile. This quality of "professional" virtuosity is better appreciated, perhaps, in France than in this country; and it is perfectly true that Mr. Morgan's smoothly flowing, lucid prose seems as well adapted as that of Wilde for translation into French or Italian.

A Breeze of Morning is concerned chiefly with the emotional entanglements of a group of adults as seen through the eyes of a romantic and rather over-developed schoolboy at the turn of the century. It is, however, the *mise-en-scène* which one chiefly remembers—the tragic, ruinous country-house, faintly reminiscent of something from Gérard de Nerval, or of the *domaine mystérieux* in *Le Grand Meaulnes*; the characters themselves, apart from the narrator, seemed to me shadowy and unreal—mere figments of a boy's romantic imaginings. Rose Letterby, for instance—the too-exquisite *châtelaine* of the manor-house, for whom the boy cherishes a precocious passion—remains, despite her careful build-up, about as convincing (I am misquoting Firbank) as the young woman on the cover of a valse. The other portraits of Edwardian gentry are not much better, and have, moreover, a faintly Miniverish quality which many readers of this journal will doubtless deplore; it is hardly surprising that, with so insubstantial a set of characters, the *dénouement* should fall a bit flat. Yet Mr. Morgan's *faisandé*, rather ninetyish prose is "successful (up to a point) with a dying fall," and I, for one, found myself often enough falling under its spell:

> I turned and looked down Farthing Hill, knowing that my sister was not dead, neither deluded nor frightened, but with the ache of Mr. Crutwell's solitude within me, as though I too were old; and so I must have stood a little while, with an awe of miracles shining down upon me from the elm-crests and the gold-plunging rooks, because *my* sister had been dead and was alive again, and I had been old and was young.

Reading such passages, I couldn't help being reminded of a very old champagne, salvaged from a long-abandoned cellar, which I once had the good fortune to taste; flat, lacking in body, and just a trifle corked, it was still recognisable, none the less, as a respectable vintage, with a distinguished (if slightly musty) flavour of its own.

Mr. Michael Burn, like Mr. Morgan, writes out of a mood of nostalgia: but there the resemblance between them ceases abruptly. *Childhood at Oriol* is a long, discursive, very detailed and sometimes engaging chronicle of an English family living abroad during the nineteen-thirties. Abroad, in this context, does not mean (as it usually does) Cagnes or Cassis, but a smart golfing resort in northern France; and the chief characters, instead of being Intellectuals, are for the most part refreshingly Philistine. Much of the action is described from the point of view of two perfectly normal English children; nothing much happens, and the story is tragic only by implication, in so far as it comes to a full stop in 1939, with the dispersal of the English colony from Oriol. The town and its inhabitants are described with an affectionate care which leads one to suppose that the book is at least partly autobiographical; there are some amusing minor characters—the golf-club secretary, the woman gossip-writer, the visiting Maharajah, etc., but the most memorable figure in the book is, I think, Judith Friedmann, the rich, frustrated spinster who becomes the benefactress of the two children. Mr. Burn writes in a rather laboured, too-meticulous manner which gives one the impression that he is afraid, all the time, of leaving something out; his prose has, now and again, an unpleasantly jagged, gritty quality, and too often his more ambitious conceits don't quite come off—as when he speaks of the waves of the ebb-tide "yapping like little glass dogs." Yet for all its faults, *Childhood at Oriol* is a sincere and conscientiously written novel, and if I have seemed to damn it with faint praise, I think the reason is that Mr. Burn might, with a little more trouble, have made it so much better. Again and again one feels that he just fails to score a bull's-eye; and the whole book is (oh dear) far too diffuse, and surely the dull first chapter—which nearly put me off—could have been slipped in, at a later stage, as a flashback? No—not a very good novel; yet I found it, on the whole, enjoyable and satisfying to read, and I shall be much interested to see what Mr. Burn will do next.

I loathe and abominate novels about the future and, quite apart from personal prejudice, I feel that the form is only justified, nowadays, by first-rate satire or by the high seriousness of such a book as Orwell's *1984*. Mr. Bradbury is neither serious nor—apart from a few sporadic attempts—satirical: his story of an American migration to Mars fifty years hence would appear to be merely a vehicle by which he attempts to "set free (see blurb) his own poetic imagination." And oh boy, does he set it free! Too free by half, so far as this reviewer is concerned: a little more restraint might have resulted in a less slapdash style and in some attempt at characterisation; as it is, both the *dramatis personæ* and the prose itself remain on the level of the strip-cartoon (one can almost see the little balloons coming out of the characters' mouths). Some of the descriptions have, it is true, a jerky, cinematic vividness, and one passage—describing an abandoned house in which the gadgets continue to operate, robot-like, after the owners' departure—seems to suggest that Mr. Bradbury might one day write a good satirical film-script; but such moments are few and far between. Worse still,

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the book lacks any sort of cohesion: the story is told in a series of short, breathless episodes, a new batch of characters pops up in each chapter, and the effect is as distracting as those "trailers" which, at the local cinema, show a series of arbitrarily selected episodes from next week's Big Picture. Mr. Christopher Isherwood has highly praised this book—a fact which I find saddening and (even) a little embarrassing; I may have missed the point, but to me *The Silver Locusts* seems a shoddy and jejune novel, with scarcely a redeeming feature. Wells did this kind of thing as well as it can be done, and perhaps only a novelist of Wells's stature can get away with it. *Se méfier de contrefaçons*—and, if it comes to that, I'd rather read "Garth" in the *Daily Mirror*, any day. JOCELYN BROOKE

PROFESSORS AND CONDUCTORS

Monteverdi, Creator of Modern Music. By LEO SCHRADE. *Gollancz.* 21s.

Vienna's Golden Years of Music. By EDUARD HANSLICK. Translated and edited by HENRY PLEASANTS III. *Gollancz.* 18s.

Toscanini. By HOWARD TAUBMAN. *Odhams.* 15s.

Overture and Beginners. By EUGENE GOOSSENS. *Methuen.* 18s.

In 1616 Striggio, who wrote the text of Monteverdi's *Orfeo*, sent the composer a new libretto entitled *Le Nozze di Peleo e Tetide*. Monteverdi looked through it, and was dismayed to find that all the characters were winds. "But how, my dear sir," he asked plaintively, "shall I be able to imitate the speaking of winds which do not speak, and how shall I be able to move the affections by such means? Arianna was moving, because she was a woman, and Orfeo was moving because he was a man—not a wind." Humanity was indeed the keynote of Monteverdi's music. He was the greatest practitioner and developer of the new ideas—expressive declamation, orchestral participation in the expression, and heightened emphasis on the *affetto* of the text—which mark the music of the early seventeenth century. "*Orfeo*," Professor Westrup has written, "is curiously representative of its time . . . hardly an experimental work, it is rather a successful attempt to combine into a single whole the varied methods of musical expression current at the time." Dr. Schrade does not agree. He holds that Monteverdi, single-handed, overthrew and made obsolete the "Perfect Art" of Palestrina and the Netherlanders. To Monteverdi alone he gives the credit for the new expressiveness.

But at much the same time that Monteverdi's first motets appeared, Vicenzo Galilei sang his setting of Ugolino's story to the Camerata Fiorentina, accompanied by a viol; and in 1597 Jacopo Peri wrote his *Dafne*, and three years later his *Euridice*. A glance at Orpheus's lament from the latter opera will show that expressiveness was in the air. In a preamble Dr. Schrade notes two main periods in musical history: Dunstable to Palestrina—impersonal "artificial" art—and Monteverdi, Creator of Modern Music, to the present day.

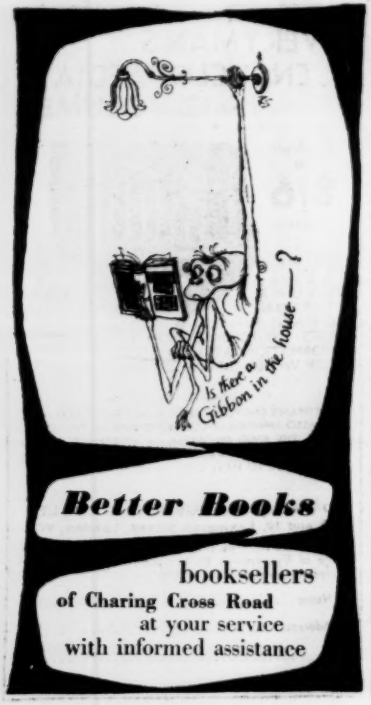
But he does not press this thesis consistently, and embarks instead on an illuminating and thoroughgoing monograph on the composer's artistic personality. The style of each collection of madrigals is discussed in detail, the operas less fully. Dr. Schrade's own style, it must be said, is less than elegant. A reader unfamiliar with the beauties of *Orfeo* or of the Vespers of 1610 could gain little impression of them from these pages. It is also regrettable that this apparently standard book should have no catalogue of works, nor any discussion of modern editions, "since each would require more or less elaborate comments." Sometimes it is not even made clear what music survives, and what is lost.

Hanslick, the late nineteenth-century Viennese critic, has survived as Beckmesser, the carping pedant; yet when Johann Strauss died Hanslick felt that Vienna had lost its most original talent; when Patti sang he found it increasingly hard to find new praise for a phenomenon so perfect and when writing about first performances of works that he liked—Brahms's four symphonies, or Schubert's Unfinished—he was lyrical and evocative rather than dustily analytical. In *Vienna's Golden Years of Music* Mr. Henry Pleasants III has collected a half-century's essays, from *Tannhäuser* in 1846 to Johann Strauss II's obituary in 1899, and it is fascinating to read these contemporary critical questionings of works that are now accepted as they stand, to watch an established heritage in the making. Hanslick was also a sensitive critic of performance; vividly he takes Patti through role after role, describes Clara Schumann's playing, or Wagner's conducting.

His sympathy went out to Verdi's "healthy ruddy-cheeked melody," to the "naturalness" of Mozart's, Weber's and Schubert's music—as opposed to the "artificiality" of Wagner's, Richard Strauss's and Liszt's. Hanslick never denied Wagner's genius; "I know very well that he is the greatest living opera composer"; but he resented the "adulteration" of "pure" music by literary or graphic associations, by orchestration for pictorial effect, or by subjugation to a text. And there is a modern ring about a critic who praises *Otello* because "song is dominant throughout—the voice!"

Eheu! those Golden Years are gone. Lilli Lehmann's Norma, says Hanslick, "was characterised in the slow cantilenas by the most beautiful portamento and the securest and finest intonation and swelling of high notes, in the florid passages by a pure and fluent coloratura." But Toscanini, unable to find such a soprano, has never conducted *Norma*: "It is impossible," he says, "with these people—these singers." For twenty years Howard Taubman has been collecting table-talk, gossip and anecdote about the conductor; and he now serves it up in *Toscanini*, a book as fascinating as all chat about musicians must be, as engrossing as Kelly's *Memoirs* or Mary Garden's *Autobiography*. Mr. Taubman records with his microphone so near the maestro that the background tends to be distorted. A strangely black and white impression is created; of the intellectual stature of a man who can conduct as he does no hint is given. But this is anecdote, not critical appraisal: Toscanini calling "Yuh! Yuh! Yuh!" to a peacock in the New Orleans zoo, failing to attract its attention, and turning away with a disgusted "Bah! Stupid, like a musician"; Toscanini carefully cutting Stravinsky on a voyage, after Stravinsky had remarked that Beethoven was a bluff; Toscanini asking Rodzinski whether he really liked Berg's music, yes or no? and unable to get a direct answer.

Eugene Goossens's *Overture and Beginners* is also anecdotal: Richter at a Hallé rehearsal stopping in the finale of the New World Symphony at a place where a dismissed cymbal player had once entered wrongly, and muttering ominously, "Iss he still alive?"; Elgar wondering whether the gargoyles had fallen off Gloucester Cathedral after a performance of Scriabin's *Poème d'Extase*; the swan which, at Goossens's first *Parsifal*, knocked out one of the esquires (and might have afforded Gurnemanz fresh matter for his homily). After sketching the lives of Eugene Goossens I and II (both connected with the Carl Rosa Company), Eugene Goossens III describes the part he played in English and American music up to 1931 (a second instalment is promised): more Opera in English, an unflagging championship of new music, and a reputation for being able to take over new operas at a day's notice. It is an extrovert account of events; one gets little idea of the author's personality or even of what music he admires. Nor is it his intention to describe the musical scene of the Twenties. We watch a brilliant young student rising through successes until, at Hollywood Bowl, he was "hailed like a visiting delegate, a round-the-world flyer and a heavyweight champion rolled into one." But how regrettable that British apathy lost to America a conductor who might have contributed so largely to our musical life. ANDREW PORTER



SHADOWS OF TRUTH

Studies of Type-Images in Poetry, Religion and Philosophy. By MAUD BODKIN. *Oxford University Press.* 12s. 6d.

If "the worst are full of passionate intensity" it is because they are ignorant enough, or dishonest enough to base their certainties on only a fragment of the available knowledge of the modern world. Miss Bodkin's book might be read as an apologia for those best who "lack all conviction" because they have considered the many fields of knowledge that any cultured mind must take into account at the present time. Miss Bodkin lovingly quotes Plato and Whitehead as instances of the urbane approach to truth, and she herself possesses the humility of the philosophers she admires, and something of their breadth and complexity of thought. It is the specific quality of women's thought at its best to attempt some sort of synthesis of the many sides of human experience, and it is this quality that gives Miss Bodkin's writing its distinction. Synthesis must precede formulated conviction:

> Some newly effective religious synthesis and vision may be taking shape amid the present confusion, decay of forms that once satisfied men's minds and dismay at the pass to which material achievement has brought us. . . . The divine source of our being is encountered by us through no single unique revelation, but individually by different modes of approach; and therefore the great need of our time, as concerns religion, is for sincerity in our own faith, and, for the differing forms of others' faith, imaginative respect.

It is a shameful reflection that the obvious justice of this remark, that to any Hindoo or Buddhist would be a foregone conclusion, would still be rank heresy to any orthodox member of the largest sect of Christendom.

The first of the three essays examines various possible ways of approach to the Divine. "We

have need of religious images yet the course of history give little ground for confidence in the saving power of any archetype," and Miss Bodkin turns to the charity of Schweitzer and to Martin Buber, whose direct approach to the Divine through an "I-Thou" relationship towards nature, ideas and fellow men, is free from the idolatrous elements latent in all religions that "choose forms of worship from poetic tales." Miss Bodkin does not exactly say so, but as I understand the trend of her argument, when we recognise symbols for what they are, and can talk about archetypes as we do about metaphor and simile, we have already outgrown belief in them, and that kind of religion becomes, like the *Golden Bough*, a kind of poetry.

The second essay, on the image of the Divine Birth, takes as text Yeats's poem *The Second Coming*. Jung's saying about the bipolarity of any archetype is a hard one when we are forced to consider the birth of Antichrist, but the notion already existed in the imagination of the author of Revelation, and neither Yeats nor Nietzsche can be held responsible for the "rough beast." Jung has more than implied that Antichrist is an implicit criticism of Christendom, built on the repression of so many natural instincts, that become bestial through that repression. This view might be borne out by considering the Bacchic rites, at once orgiastic and holy, that liberate the whole man. But Miss Bodkin finds in Yeats a meaning different from this Nietzschean one, and makes a point well worth making about so influential a poem that the Rough Beast is an earth-born, not a divine incarnation. Before we next quote that resounding stanza, we would do well to look at her evidence.

The third essay, on the Wisdom archetype, formerly expressed in the persons of Prophet, Priest and King, seeks to discover under what contemporary forms we may find this leader-figure. Kingly wisdom in the modern world must be something very different from the old pattern of warrior-leader (although we have Mr. Churchill as an example of the power of the older form), and Miss Bodkin cites President Wilson, or what President Wilson just failed to be, as a possible new pattern emerging. But Miss Bodkin seems strangely to have overlooked the activities of the Worst in this field, or she could not, surely, write that "in our own time the supernatural quality pertaining to the gift of leadership, or to kingly wisdom, is felt but rarely." What of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, George Orwell's terrible 'Big Brother'? There is a Rough Beast side to the Wisdom archetype as well. Nor in her search in fiction for contemporary symbols for this figure does Miss Bodkin seem to me to have looked in quite the right places. Some Mass-Observation survey would surely give us the Wisdom figures of the age, the Great Scientist, the Doctor, the Psychiatrist, the voice on the B.B.C.—are not these, rather than Benda's Clerks or Mr. Eliot's Clerisy the wisdom figures which, in the imagination of modern democracy are, in the Jungian vocabulary, numinous? But it may be that I have misunderstood Miss Bodkin here; she is not looking for false gods, of which there are plenty, but rather for forms by means of which we may approach the truth—a much more difficult matter.

KATHLEEN RAINE

AN AMERICAN INNOVATOR

Theodore Dreiser. By F. O. MATTHIESSEN. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

The manuscript of this book, the latest addition to the American Men of Letters series, was found among Matthiessen's papers after his death, unrevised apart from pencilled alterations and corrections. It has been printed as it stood, and it reminds us how great a loss to the humane criticism of literature Matthiessen's death was. At first glance, Theodore Dreiser is not a novelist to whom one would have expected Matthiessen to respond with sympathy; yet he writes of him with a generosity perfectly counterbalanced with acute perceptiveness. He has been moved as much by the story of Dreiser the man as by his works, and the emotion, always finely controlled, is finely communicated, so that, whatever the final judgment on his novels, one cannot close the book without an enhanced sense of Dreiser's worth.

Not, of course, that the human worth can be separated from his work as artist, for, to an even greater degree than is usual, the man is revealed in his writings. And the writings are a triumph of honesty, and very little else. It is questionable if he ever wrote a sentence capable of giving pleasure in itself, and so rebarbative is his use of words, his grammar, his syntax, that a sustained reading of *An American Tragedy*, say, the last half of which is written almost throughout with present participles usurping the function of verbs, is as lacerating to the sensibility as the continuous grinding of pneumatic drills. Yet in the end one has to admit it: something has come through, that perhaps had to have that uncouth mode of expression before it could come through: the something is the impress of a mind powerfully moved by his sense of the human situation in a certain place at a certain time.

One searches for an analogue to Dreiser the novelist. There isn't one. "In an authentic sense," says Matthiessen, "he was a primitive." He was also an original. But he has been compared with Bennett, and the resemblances between them are enough to make the comparison rewarding. Both were realists in the sense that they had an inordinate appetite for the rendering of the superficies of actual life. Both were preoccupied with the spectacle of life in time. Both had found the key to the riddle of the universe in the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. Both gained their effects by the massive accumulation of small detail. In all respects but one Bennett was the finer novelist. But he was a European, and it is here that the comparison breaks down. For Bennett, in *The Old Wives' Tale* and the *Clayhanger* novels, is describing a society that, for all its comparative newness, is still a traditional society, the parts of which are linked to one another in organic relationship, and which has the strength that comes from commonly shared beliefs and assumptions. But the first thing that strikes one about the world Dreiser describes—and it is true of it whether it is the Philadelphia of the Sixties, in *The Financier*, or the Kansas City and Lycurgus, N.Y., of *An American Tragedy* in the nineteen-twenties—is its sheer poverty, its spiritual poverty; in all but material comfort its inhabitants exist on the subsistence level, the only relationships between them the cash nexus and biological urges.

Dreiser's originality lies in the fact that he was the first American novelist to depict this aspect of American life. He knew it from the inside: it was the world he had been born into. Matthiessen makes the excellent point that he was "virtually the first major American writer whose family name was not English or Scotch or Irish." Before him, though there are obvious exceptions like Norris and Sinclair, American novelists had conceived it their duty, in Howells's famous phrase, to "concern themselves with the more smiling aspects of life, which are the more American." Dreiser, with his worm's eye view of the American dream and the American struggle, changed all that. Seen in terms of the American novel, then, he was a great innovator, and perhaps the majority of American novelists are still rewriting, or refining on, what he has written; indeed, as in the Chicago novels of Mr. James Farrell, one suspects that what for him was living reality has often hardened into formula. Matthiessen tells us Scott Fitzgerald once said he considered Dreiser, with Mencken, the greatest living Americans; and what is the Great Gatsby himself but a more sophisticated version of the Clyde Griffiths of *An American Tragedy*?

I have said that Bennett was the finer novelist in all respects but one. The respect that remains is perhaps the most important of all. "Strong, sad, sincere" are the words applied by Mr. Forster to *The Old Wives' Tale*. They would

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do equally well for *Jennie Gerhardt*, *The Financier* and *An American Tragedy*; but something else would have to be added, some such phrase as "the tragic sense." Rightly, I think, Matthiessen finds *An American Tragedy* unacceptable as tragedy; Dreiser, he says, "sees man so exclusively as the overwhelmed victim that we feel hardly any of the crisis of moral guilt that is also at the heart of the tragic experience." Yet "a profoundly tragic sense of man's fate" is implicit in all his best work. It is something Bennett never achieved.

We come back to the man. Matthiessen quotes him as saying in 1928:

> As I see him the utterly infinitesimal individual weaves among the mysteries a floss-like and wholly meaningless course—if course it be. In short I catch no meaning from all I have seen, and pass quite as I came, confused and dismayed.

Mutability, he believed, was at the heart of things, and his deepest feeling was one of compassion: "'I am crying for life'", says a character in his last novel. Yet he was never content with the bleak beliefs—or lack of beliefs—he had learned from Herbert Spencer. If compassion for the victims of life moved him, so too did the mystery of life, and he was seeking until the end some reconciliation, some hint of a solution. In the last year of his life he joined the Communist Party—"a symbolic act" Matthiessen calls it; but he said at the same time, "The true religion is in Matthew," and on the Good Friday of that year, 1945, he partook of the communion service of the Congregational Church, in whose rites he was buried. Whether he will survive as a great novelist remains to be seen; but it is impossible to contemplate him without admiration, and Matthiessen's book is a just tribute.

WALTER ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Europe in Photographs. Selected by MARTIN HURLIMANN. Commentary by STEPHEN SPENDER. *Thames & Hudson.* 35s.

This book sets itself the impressive task of illustrating, in its 248 large photographs, the landscape and architecture of a continent where (to quote from Stephen Spender's introduction) "the greatest unity of tradition and culture is combined with the greatest variety and complexity." "Europe," he continues, "is a perpetual tension between the vertical forces reaching back into the past, and the horizontal inflooding of the present." An interesting project. And yet, as page after page is turned, the imagination for the most part rests unstirred. Lack of sharpness in the reproduction has something to do with it, as well as a conservative quality about the photographs themselves—selected by one hand, though taken by many. Not only have the buildings a kind of coldness, a *museum* air—but Nature in the background or foreground takes on the same rigidity; where this is, say, water or grass, their brightness and motion are lost in a stony blur. In short, this is Baedeker Europe, and it is to the Baedeker traveller that the volume will chiefly appeal. Here are all the objects of pilgrimage—*Château*, statue, bridge, cathedral, religious procession; Versailles, the Acropolis, Luther's birthplace, Napoleon's tomb, Heidelburg, Bayreuth. It is revealing that the English scenes (the Tower of London particularly) have here the same continental, unfamiliar look. Among the set pieces some beautiful photographs do appear: a Rotterdam museum interior; Lapland reindeer; a glacier scene in the Bundner Alps; Arlesian women. But their freedom seems to be untypical. The notes to each plate are informative, but do not animate this dignified and lustreless Grand Tour.

The Faith of a Fieldsman. By H. J. MASSINGHAM. *Museum Press.* 15s.

Here are selections, under several headings, of the author's recent writings in *The Field*. Read from week to week, the author's "faith" might not appear so clearly as it does in book form: Mr. Massingham persistently, courageously, angrily, and in lucid, admirable prose, makes that faith his theme while writing of the English rural life he loves, whether as farming, wild nature, or the crafts, art, games and books which stem from it. The theme? The industrial state of mind and spirit, manifest in whatever political body, is pernicious. It has destroyed a large part of earth's fertility and man's sensibility; it is destroying the rest. Unless it is changed for a state of mind and spirit that enables man to realise that he is one element of an organic whole, and thus to use his genius to co-operate with instead of trying to "conquer" nature, then he is doomed; not metaphorically, but actually, and soon, by starvation. The author's passionate sincerity must communicate itself even to the unsympathetic reader. One may differ from his contention that there is only one way to agricultural, social and spiritual health, but the great force of his arguments and the beauty of his demonstrations are impressive. It may sometimes occur to the reader that Mr. Massingham is flogging a moribund horse: surely the illusion that scientific industrialism can provide a good life is fading fast? But then one recalls that the words one is reading are some of the very blows which have half-killed the horse in question; and that if, at the last moment, we do allow the ecologists to save us from a miserable extinction and our planet from death, some of the credit should go to Mr. Massingham. Most countrymen will want to read this book. Every townsman, whether he wants to or not, ought to.

The Apple and the Spectroscope. By T. R. HENN. *Methuen.* 12s. 6d.

This book of nine lectures on poetry, delivered in the Lent Vacation at Cambridge, has an importance beyond the excellence of its contents. The lectures were given to science students, at their own request: their success, Sir Lawrence Bragg tells us in his foreword, encouraged one of the scientific faculties to plan similar courses all through the academic year. This innovation is based on two truths which have sometimes been recognised but seldom acted upon in schools and universities: that the study of literature can make a man a better scientist, because better able to communicate his discoveries, and—by training his sensibilities and his sense of values—a better person. Mr. Henn must be held to have brilliantly succeeded in furthering these two ends. No one—scientist, arts student or general reader—could, after hearing him expound a poem, fail to be more aware of the possibilities of language, and the distinctions of sentiment. Mr. Henn's method, which owes something to the Richards approach, was to give students the text of two or three poems—Blake's *Sick Rose* and Eliot's *Fire Sermon* were considered at one lecture, *The Twa Corbies* and Donne's *Valediction* at another—and then to talk on them, pointing out subtleties of

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rhythm and diction, overtones and ambiguities of meaning and sentiment. No "Eng. Lit.", on "influences": attention is all on the poems. The tone is admirable: an intelligent man talking to other intelligent men, whose main interests have lain elsewhere, and demonstrating, without either pedantry or gush, the delight, the complexity, and the relevance of poetry.

Alva. Recent paintings and drawings. Foreword by HERBERT READ. Introduction by MAURICE COLLIS. *Bodley Head.* 21s.

"The duty of an artist is not only to address and awaken, but to *guide* the imagination." It may seem perverse to quote Ruskin when reviewing a book of nearly abstract paintings, yet is it relevant for Mr. Maurice Collis, besides re-introducing us to Alva (a book of his earlier work was published in 1941), argues that he and other abstractionists are creating a "transcendent language" with which to express the "noumenal," as opposed to the "phenomenal." By *abstractionists* he means those painters who abstract the essence from natural appearances, not purely geometric, abstract painters. He then admits that this language can only be understood by a few, but contends that since the 19th century the artist has won the privilege of making his art private. Yet this argument ignores the fact that a private language cannot provoke any exact retaliation and therefore becomes more and more private. Finally, it may stimulate the spectator's imagination, like the mysterious texture on a broken wall, but it cannot guide it. It will lack precision, not of subjective observation, but of communication. Alva, who is a sensitive colourist, now uses finely placed gestures of paint to suggest simultaneously a pattern of colour, a recession of shapes in space and a general emotional mood—often sharpened by a sense of wit and visual punning. Really, his pictures are exquisite small-scale things as evocative and pretty to the sophisticated as were the glass balls of falling snow to our more literal-minded parents. Rather more powerful are his drawings of Old Testament heads in which only the shadows of the faces, like torn black paper silhouettes, have been indicated. The three plates of these drawings and the ten colour plates are good, even though such pictures, which depend on *gestures* of paint, lose their true effect when their scale is reduced. The ten black-and-white reproductions are useless—unless one has already seen and enjoyed the originals.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,130

Set by G. de Vavasour

The setter, anxious to acquire a set of Curses for daily or occasional use (suitable in household, family, work, travel, public affairs, etc.) invites competitors to send in suggestions, each to consist of a five-, six- or seven-line verse. The particular object or situation to be cursed must, of course, be stated. Entries by October 30th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION, No. 1,127

Set by Arachne McLeod

Jobs are apt to be shuffled about in holiday periods. Readers are asked to imagine an issue of the NEW STATESMAN in which V. S. Pritchett has written on the Dollar Gap, Desmond Shawe-Taylor on the Labour Party Conference, Autolycus has done the dramatic criticism, Sagittarius the Books in General, Critic the Gramophone Notes, and R. H. S. Crossman the Chess—all writers firmly sticking to their usual style and approach. Prizes are offered for the openings of any of the above features: limit 200 words.

Report by Arachne McLeod

In general, competitors went for the subject-matter rather than the style of their models. But it takes more than a glance at Balzac to concoct even a synthetic V. S. Pritchett, nor do a few references to the instruments of the orchestra make a convincing Shawe-Taylor. A. J. L. was on the right lines with his musical approach to the Labour Party Conference: "The plot, while obscure at times, and owing even less to Marx or Keir Hardie than usual, had one moment of great beauty, the election to the executive"—but he didn't quite keep it up. Competitors were happier when ranging through familiar English verse with Sagittarius, or adapting Critic's genial approach to the question of Discs. Inners, if not bulls, were scored on V. S. Pritchett by D. N. Dalglish ("And now that even economic life confirms so unusually to classic patterns of disillusionment") and on Critic by Thomas Chitty ("The treble parts remind me of the starling roost in Trafalgar Square"). Honourable mention to them, to A. J. L., to Henry Walter and to H. A. C. Evans. Two guineas to Allan Laing, brilliant both in conception and execution; the other three printed share the remaining four guineas.

BOOKS IN GENERAL, by SAGITTARIUS

God bless our erstwhile King*:
Long may he have his fling
In speech and print!
Bless him with fluent pen;
That he may spill the gen,
Spiced duly with cayenne,
In tale or hint.

Place in his writing kicks:
Let him drop frequent bricks
On V.I.P.s!
Send him uproarious,
Tactless, censorious,
Putting it over us
Till Hell shall freeze!

Let him continue to
Draw portraits, false or true,
In black and white:
Archbishops smugly pi,
Premiers both bluff and sly,
Court flunkeys low and high,
Fer our delight.

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ALLAN M. LAING

* *A King's Story.* By the DUKE OF WINDSOR. *Cassell.* 25s.

Do you remember A. Pope,
Belinda?
Do you remember one, Pope?*
And the timing of his rhyming
As his wit went a-chiming,
And how short our retort at Hampton Court,*
And the pen that struck from afar?
And the jape of his *Rape* that left us agape
(And the shears that dissever, for ever)?

Never more;
Belinda,
Never more.
Only the egos squirm;
And Sartre a portent at the door.
No sylph
In the air of the lair we share
With Freud
And the souls in the void where Aldous
Failed us:
And Orwell
Wrote of near Paradise like Hell.

DOUGLAS HAYDON

* *The Rape of the Lock.* By A. POPE. Edited by B. GRUDZINSKI. *Utopia Press.* 21s.

V. S. PRITCHETT on THE DOLLAR GAP.

Balzac, we can imagine, is the only moralist who could have done justice to the Dollar Gap. His enormous genius can make us feel acutely the agonies of César Birotteau, who was, comparatively speaking, a few francs on the wrong side of the ledger. With an indebtedness of these proportions, with figures which would have staggered even his hallucinatory mind he would have given us a César Birotteau magnified to the size of the nation itself; we should have known intimately every inch of the chasm. Of present-day attempts to chart the horror, those of Cripps and Gaitskell are worth examination. Not since Defoe have we had such a master of unadorned statement as Cripps. And yet—the trilogy which contains "The Cause," "The Widening Gap" and "The Solution" is somehow alien to us. Gaitskell, a lesser master, is a more endearing and typical figure of the age of anxiety. We are conscious all the time of an uneasiness and a determination that something must be done. But over it all falls the Shadow of Oblomov. The thing is too much for us. Perhaps, instead of Stoltz the German, Sam the American will come and solve our problems for us . . . K. H. KEVIS

CRITIC'S GRAMOPHONE NOTES

I suppose few of us expected H.M.V. to issue another recording of "The Blue Danube," this year. It is

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a pleasant enough piece, but hardly as impressive as, say, the Community Singing which I heard from the South Bank the other day. This was clearly an occasion for recording but I am told by a friend who was there that he saw no signs of any apparatus in use. We must be content this month with the re-issue of Hancklewitt's Choral Prelude, scored for bass and six sopranos. I met Hancklewitt and two of the sopranos a few weeks ago. He told me how much he liked the new Concert Hall and recalled the bad days before the war when his music was dismissed as "precious." Now, he says, all that has changed. I have had occasion before to draw attention to the restraints on freedom in the United States and a curious instance comes to light this month in the appearance, at long last, of a recording of *The Magic Flute* overture by the Wappentake Radio Symphony Orchestra. It seemed that the triangle-player had been brought before the Un-American Activities Committee and had refused to confess that . . .

COLIN SHAW

CHESS : The Ghost of Polerio.

No. 107

Giulio Cesare Polerio was a chessplayer reputed to have crossed pawns with the great Ruy Lopez either at Rome or Madrid. He was a famous problemist too, and one of his endgame studies, over a span of 3½ centuries, cost Tchigorin ½ point when, playing White against Dr. Tarrasch, he found himself in this position at Ostend, 1905. The Russian master played ? x P (which was a mistake) and after (1) . . . P x P, (2) K-Kt4, K-K5, he spent much time on his next move, finally played (3) K-R3, and resigned a few moves later. What he had seen in those many minutes of anxious thought was nothing less than the ghost of Polerio. He knew only too well the position that would arise from the more obvious continuation

(3) K-R5	K x P	(7) P-R5	P-B6
(4) K-R6	K-K3 !	(8) P-R6	P-B7
(5) K x P	P-B4	(9) P-R7	P queens
(6) K-Kt6	P-B5	(10) P queens	

This would be clearly lost for White, a position analogous to a "classic" every good endgame player ought to know, to wit the position resulting from this famous study composed by Polerio some time in the second half of the 16th Century. It is Black's move, but White is to win. Obviously both rook-pawns have to start running, Black's comes in first on his 5th move, but White's comes in with a check and these consequences:

(6) P queens ch	K-Kt8	(10) Q-Kt5 ch	K-R6
(7) Q-R1 ch	K-Kt7	(11) Q-R5 ch	K-Kt7
(8) Q-Kt7 ch	K-R6	(12) Q-Kt4 ch	K-R7
(9) Q-R6 ch	K-Kt7	(13) K-B2 ! and wins	

This was what Tchigorin had envisaged when confronted with the choice of two evils and ruefully deciding on K-R3. If only he had seen the ghost of Polerio a couple of moves earlier he could have drawn the game by avoiding the exchange of pawns. By (1) K-Kt4, K-K4, (2) P-Kt6, P-R3, (3) K-R5 he might have proposed a neat stalemate.

A : Henri Rinck

The recent article on difficult P-endings has caused some correspondence expressing a desire that I devote more space more regularly to various aspects of the endgame. This shall be done on an average of once a month. Meanwhile I shall welcome any particularly interesting endgame from readers' personal experience. Those printed will earn the usual chessbook-token.

B : Leonid Kubbel
1909

C : Leonid Kubbel

This week's studies—White to win in each of them—seem to be fairly rated with 6, 7 and 8 points respectively. **B** was composed when the author was still in his 'teens, **C** was hailed by Emanuel Lasker as Kubbel's "masterpiece." (But then he gave us quite an *embarras de richesse*.)

Usual prizes. Entries by October 29.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set September 29

A : (1) R-B7 ch, KtxR ; (2) Kt-K4 ch, K-B3 ; (3) Kt-Kt4 ch, K-Kt2 ; (4) Kt-Q6 ch, K-Kt1 ; (5) K-Q4, P-K4 ch ; (6) K-K4, P-B6 ; (7) K-Q3, P-K5 ch ; (8) K-K2, P-K6 ; (9) K-Q1, and thus (or similarly) White's K conquers both pawns, whereupon the Black Kt must move and allow mate.

B : (1) R-B2 ch, K-R8 ; (2) P-K7, R-K6 ; (3) RxP, R-R8 ch ; (4) K-B2, K-R7 ! ; (5) R-B7 !, P-R4 ! ; (6) K-Q3 !!, threatening R-B2 ch, followed by R-K2. The K cannot go to his 8th rank because of (7) R-B1, nor to his 6th because of (7) K-Q2, followed by the R-ch and R-K3.

If (4) . . . R-K7 ch ; (5) K-Kt3, R-Kt7 ch ; (6) K-B3, R-K7 ; (7) R-B1 ch, K-R7 ; (8) R-B2.

More plausible key-moves such as (1) R-K1 or P-K7 fail to win.

C : (1) P-B7, K-R2 ; (2) B-Kt8 ch, K-R1 ; (3) B-B7, K-R2 ; (4) P-B8 (B !), B-B4 ; (5) BxP ch, KxB ; (6) B-B5 ch, etc.

I was not surprised that many competitors were stumped by the intricacies of **B** ; even so I got so many correct solutions that I cannot mention them all, and that the prizes can, once again, be shared by some who have never or not for a long time appeared in a prize list—E. W. Beal, L. G. Kennion, J. H. Phillips, W. K. White.

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CANBERRA University College, Australia. Applications are invited for appointment to the post of Lecturer in Law. The salary scale for a lecturer is £650–£1,050 p.a. (Australian currency). Point of entry will be in accordance with experience and qualifications. Salary is subject to adjustment for cost of living, etc. (at present an additional £72 p.a.) and progresses by annual increments of £40. Further particulars and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is November 12, 1951.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for posts in the Department of Economics: (1) Assistant Lecturer; (2) Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer; to begin duties on January 1, 1952. An interest in Industrial Relations will be considered an advantage for post (2). Salary scales: Assistant Lecturer, £450 × £25–£500. Lecturer, £550 × £50–£1,100, with Superannuation provision under F.S.S.U., and family allowance. Applications (3 copies for post (1), 5 copies for (2)) with names of 3 referees and, if desired, copies of testimonials, should reach the undersigned (from whom further particulars may be obtained) by November 17, 1951. A. W. Chapman, Registrar.

B.B.C. requires Assistant to Television Booking Manager. Duties include deputising for Manager in general management of the section, negotiating engagements and fees of speakers and artists in all categories but particularly Light Entertainment, arranging auditions. Desirable qualifications include considerable first-hand acquaintance with professional entertainment world, proved administrative experience, tact, experience of casting and ability to negotiate with artists, agents and theatre management. Salary £745 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £965. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Tel. Bookings N. Sen.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose s.a. env.

COUNTY Borough of West Bromwich. Education Department. Applications are invited for the following appointments in the Child Guidance Centre which is part of the Child Guidance Service at present being established by the Authority. In addition to the Centre, the Service will include a Residential Special School for Maladjusted Children. Educational Psychologist: Candidates should have a degree in Psychology or its equivalent, teaching experience and experience in child guidance work. Salary in accordance with the Soulbury Educational Psychologists' National Scale Grade II, i.e., £650 × £25 to £1,050. Women £750 × £20 to £900. Psychiatric Social Worker: Candidates should have a Diploma in Mental Health and training in P.S.W. work. Salary in accordance with the National Scale (National Joint Negotiation Committee for Hospital and Allied Services), i.e., £420 × £20 to £580. Applications should reach the undersigned as soon as possible and state age, experience, qualifications, present and former positions, and the names of two persons to whom reference may be made. J. H. Turner, Director of Education, Education Offices, Highfields, West Bromwich.

REQUIRED for January 1, 1952, Lady Principal for Shortwood Training College, Jamaica, B.W.I. The College is maintained by the Government of Jamaica and accommodates about 60 women students who are trained as teachers. Applicant should be a University Graduate specially qualified to lecture in Education and English and with experience in a residential college. Salary £600 per year with residence, board and laundry. The post is pensionable. Outward passage paid to Kingston, Jamaica. Apply immediately, stating qualifications and experience and enclosing copies of testimonials, to: The Secretary, Shortwood College, Constant Spring P.O., Jamaica, B.W.I.

APPLICATIONS are invited from university graduates with knowledge of social work for the position of Social Studies Tutor at Princess Alice College, Sutton Coldfield. This is a small, mixed residential College for Child Care Officers, recognised by the Home Office. The salary will depend on experience but the generally accepted scale is £550–£720 p.a. House available. Apply to the Principal for application form and details.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Education Department. Ramsdale Park Special Boarding School. Applications are invited for the superannuable post of Matron at the above Special School. Salary scale £225 × £15 to £255 per annum plus emoluments valued at £104 p.a. Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Director of Education, County Hall, Trent Bridge, Nottingham, to whom applications should be submitted by November 3, 1951. Canvassing will disqualify. K. Tweedle Mesby, Clerk of the County Council.

SOCIAL Service Organisation require Organiser for General Office; must have sh./typing, good education, passion for detail. Well-meaning muddled thinkers need not apply. Ring GRO. 6508.

INTELLIGENT young lady reqd. Position involves the keeping of records and undertaking research work of a political character. Responsible only to Senior Executive, initiative & adaptability more important than age, exp., or nationality. Apply with full personal details, stating salary reqd., to Box 6367.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

THE Post Office Engineering Union invites applications for the post of Research Officer (male). The post is permanent and pensionable. Salary scale £600—£95—£740, starting pay according to age and experience. The vacancy is not earmarked. All applications will be considered and treated as confidential. Applications to be made on forms to be obtained from the General Secretary (Research Officer), P.O.E.U., Greystoke House, Hanger Lane, London, W.5. The closing date for receiving completed application forms is Monday, December 3, 1951.

THE United Nations Association and its Council for Education in World Citizenship invite applications for the positions of Youth Education Officer of the C.E.W.C. Candidates must have an interest in international affairs and experience of youth club work, teaching experience an advantage. Salary £350 per annum (plus London weighting of £26) rising by annual increments of £25 to £425, family allowance. Terms and particulars from the United Nations Association, 25 Charles St., London, W.1, on receipt of stamped addressed foolscap envelope.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council invites applications for Bookroom Manager from men with experience of book trade, postal work, accounts, and if possible voluntary work. Salary £344 × £26—£448 p.a., starting according to qualifications and experience, plus child allowance and superannuation scheme. Application should be made as soon as possible on form obtainable from Office Secretary, N.M.G.C., 78 Duke St., W.1.

ASSISTANT Education Secretary. Candidates must be familiar with educational practices of the co-operative movement and qualified in secretarial procedure. N.U.C.O. scale : £560 per annum. Application form, to be returned by October 25, 1951, obtainable from the Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15, Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

NOTTINGHAM Co-operative Society, Ltd., invites applications for the position of Public Relations and Education Officer. Applicants should have practical experience of market research, publicity and Press work, adult education, and the organisation of educational and propaganda activities; and be able to produce the necessary professional qualifications. Salary in accordance with N.U.C.O. scale of wages. Superannuation scheme, with transfer clause, in operation. The last date for receiving applications is Saturday, November 10, 1951. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from Managing Secretary, Nottingham Co-operative Society, Ltd., Upper Parliament Street, Nottingham.

BIRMINGHAM Family Service Unit. A Resident Senior Case Worker (man) is required in January to direct and develop newly established Unit working with problem families. Post offers scope for initiative and organising ability. Sense of vocation and case work training essential. Salary £300—£420 p.a. plus residence at the Settlement. Further details and application form from Hon. Secy., F.S.U., 318 Summer Lane, Birmingham, 19.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Islington. Public Health Department.—Applications are invited for the appointment of Secretary (female) to Medical Officer of Health. Salary £394 × £12 to £430 per annum, plus London Weighting up to £30 per annum. Applicants must be competent shorthand typists and have had previous secretarial experience. Applications, stating age, experience, qualifications and names and addresses of two referees must be forwarded to the Medical Officer of Health, Town Hall, Upper St., N.1, so as to reach him not later than October 26, 1951. Production of testimonials may be also required. H. Dixon Clark, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Upper St., N.1.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required to work in the Child Guidance Clinics (Hill End and Watford). Salary in accordance with the National Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) Reports. Ability to drive a car essential. Applications, stating age and experience with copies of testimonials, should be sent to the Medical Superintendent, Hill End Hospital, St. Albans.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Resident House Mother to take charge of a Short-Stay Children's Home in the City, accommodating 30 children (12 babies). (Husband, following own occupation or as part-time House Father, could be accommodated.) Experience in the care of young children essential. Home Office Child Care Course, or other appropriate training preferred. Salary: £235 × £15—£325 per annum plus residential emoluments. Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the City Children's Officer, 10 Worcester St., Oxford.

THE Jewish Blind Society has the following vacancies: Occupational Therapist, whose main duties would be at the Society's Dorking Home but who would also be expected to run classes at the Society's Clubs in London. Lining-in staff, preferably with nursing experience, for the Society's Homes in Dorking and Margate. Applications to Secretary, 1 Craven Hill, W.2.

YOUNG girl, reliable character, wanted for training in first-class picture framemakers' workshop. Person with artistic interests and some knowledge of drawing prefd. Good pay. Refs. necessary. Pollak, 2 Blue Ball Yard, London, S.W.1. REG. 1434.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religion School Teacher required for Sunday mornings 10 to 12.30. Apply to the Principal, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8.

ARTISTS and Art Students of enterprise wanted as representatives for sale of Art materials (brushes, etc.). Please write: Box 6631.

WOMEN'S International Organisation requires Assistant Secretary (woman) with knowledge of the work of the United Nations. 5-day week, salary £364. Reply in writing before October 31, stating age, qualifications and experience, to A.C.W.W., 167 High St., Kensington, London, W.8.

SECRETARIAL Assistant (male or female), required, part-time, for trade union—technical journal. Some shorthand useful but not essential. Work is interesting and varied, the conditions congenial, hours can be arranged to suit successful applicant. Salary about £3 per week, according to age and exper. Please write in first inst. to: The Dental Technician, 329 Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1.

PRIVATE Secretary/Personal Assistant, preferably also with experience in personnel management, reqd. for managing director small non-profit distributing boot manufacturing firm, S. Wales. Interesting, well-paid position of scope in unusual firm with model factory, calling for ability to deal with people and figures. Women applicants, seeking country environment, should write fully in the first place to C. H. Edwards, 35 College St., Northampton.

SHORTHAND-typist wanted for responsible and confidential work. Five-day week. Apply in writing to the Secretary, Family Discussion Bureaux, 4 Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W.1.

INTERESTING vacancy in Travel Service for educated woman (between 28/40); administrative and organising exp.; sense of commercial responsibility and attention to detail work essential; driving, typing, catering or hotel exp. an advantage. Salary according to qualifications. Box 6669.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN, experienced office administration, specialty selling, organising, wholesale library management; age 45, seeks post. References. Box 6350.

INTELLIGENT young Austrian with knowledge of English seeks position in Britain. Chauffeur or other employment. Write Bruno Wilfert, Dr. Eddi Bachgasse 10, Linz, Austria.

EDUCATED lady sks. pt.-time work, shtd. typing, translating, etc. BAY. 5801 evngs.

CAN anyone offer spare-time occupation to Executive Civil Servant, 30? Box 6478.

FIRST-class Sec. s/t., executive experience, free-lance. MOU. 1701.

BUSINESS man in the process of limiting or perhaps relinquishing present interests, seeks creative work preferably in London area. Some capital available, but main concern is to engage in work of a satisfying and possibly educational nature. Box 6524.

ABLE sec./stenog., litry., language knowledge; temp. pours. GLA. 2624. Box 6501.

WORTHWHILE job wanted—anywhere—by girl, 21, intelligent, hardworking, willing consider anything not domestic or secretarial. Box 6485.

DO you require efficient secretaries? Apply Nottingham Employment Bureau, Welling. Bexley Heath 5929.

PSYCHOLOGIST (32), B.Lit., experience clinical work, testing, group therapy, industrial relationships, delinquency, seeks part-time work London. Box 6563.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short term membership: 1 mth., 10s.; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, dramatics, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (Hol. 5084).

HOGARTH Gallery specialise in built-in furniture, bookshelves, to individual requirements. Open all day Saturday. 16a Hogarth Place, S.W.5. FRO. 3328.

SLENDER Feet? A.AA., AAA. You can be perfectly fitted from over 1,000 pairs always in stock, of special Slim Fitting Physical Culture Fashion Shoes; American sizes 6—12. Elliotts, 112 Westbourne Gr., W.2. Buses 7, 15, 27, 28, 31, 36, 46. BAY 4282.

PARACHUTES. 1. Pure White Heavy English Silk or Primrose Nylon; each panel 36in. × 132in., 3in. at top, 2 panels 17s. 6d., 4 panels 32s. 6d., 8 panels 60s. 2. Nylon, Peach, Rose or Light Blue, each panel 36in. × 150in., 2 panels 20s., 4 panels 37s. 6d., 8 panels 72s. 6d. New Irish Linen Lengths. (a) Natural Shade 6yds. × 32in., each 27s. (b) Embroidery Cream, 3yds. × 27in., each 20s. New Grey Linen Boxed Mattress Cases (box 4) to 5in), 6ft. × 2ft. 3in., each 22s. 6d. Carr. Free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 183), 1, Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

CRESCENT Smoking Mixture, the supreme Coltsfoot blend; 2s. 6d. per 4 ozs. post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

MISCELLANEOUS—*continued*

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Thursday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries, Secretary, CUN. 8837.

PHOTOGRAPHIC Quantity printing. Immediate delivery of any quantity. We are old-fashioned enough to believe in craftsmanship, use modern methods and charge trade prices. Photo-Graphics, 41 Southampton Rd., London, N.W.5. GUL. 3524.

HALL of Institute of Journalists available for mtgs. Seats up to 100. Mod. rental. Apply Gen. Sec., 2-4 Tudor St., E.C.4.

THE London Contact Lens Clinic, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Partics. MUS. 9023.

PARACHUTES. British Heavy Sheer Silk in White and Khaki. Each panel 36in. wide, 140in. long, with 3in. top; 1 panel 7s. 6d., 3 panels 21s., 6 panels 40s. 6d. Lovely Nylon in pastel shades of Peach, Light-Green, Sky-Blue and Khaki, each panel 36in. wide, 150in. long, with 4in. top, 1 panel 8s. 9d., 3 panels 24s. 9d., 6 panels 49s. White Nylon, 186in. long, 54in. wide, 3in. top, 11s. each panel. White Rayon Panels, 190in. long, 36in wide, 3in. top, 6s. per panel. Also big quantity Remnant Tricot Nylon and Heavy Quality Curtain Net in various colours. Write for our sample range at bargain prices. Post free. Woollen "U" Blankets, brand-new in Grey, 60in. × 80in. (4 lbs. each), 32s. 11d. Post and packing for blankets 1s. Money back guarantee. Angel Trading Co. (Dept N.S.), 9 Duncan Terrace, City Rd., London, N.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis on the reading fee. Unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"ARMS and Mr. Bevan." New 32-page sixpenny pamphlet by Emrys Hughes. From "Forward," 26 Civic St., Glasgow, C.4.

"ART and the Artist in Hungary" by Derek Clifford. First-hand information by a group of artists who visited Hungary. Deals with the conditions of work for artists under socialism, the Hungarian tradition in the fine arts, socialist realism, folk art, commercial art, education and the curriculum in art schools, and the question of the artist's personal freedom. Price 9d., from your usual bookseller or Hungarian News and Information Service, 33 Pembridge Mansions, London, W.2.

BOOK Bargains! New Books at half price or less. Stamp for lists of offers including: Classics, Travel, Art and many Children's Titles. Buy now for Xmas gifts and save money. Town Book Shop, Enfield, Middx. ENF. 4948. Money back guarantee.

CHURCH Street Bookshop, 57 Kensington Church St., W.8. New and secondhand books. Also full stock Everymans, Penguins and similar editions. Open all day Saturday. (PRE. 4014.)

ENJOY "Rude Health" for 1 year for 8s. ($1.50). Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 9907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

OUR selection of Christmas books and cards are worth your careful consideration. Please come in and see for yourself—we are near the Bromptons. Open 10-6, Sats. till 1.0. Rosins & Maurice Fry, Temple Fortune Bookshop, 5 Besuchamp Place, S.W.3.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bought. Beadon Rd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Bucher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner. 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924

SCHOOLS

KINDERGARTEN Boarding School, 3-8. Activity methods on sound psychological principles. High academic standard. Miss M. Paget, B.A., Thatch House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs. Telephone Thanet 62547.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5 to 18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. bred. Directors: J. C. Gutmann, B.A., & Karin Guinness (Dulcrose), R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Alnmouth, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlks. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc.: Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

THE Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancs., is a co-educational boarding school where, in a happy atmosphere and ideal surroundings, children from 4 to 13 are given a sound educational foundation.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre. Last week Shakespeare season. Commencing Oct. 29, Special Two-week season The Old Vic Theatre Company.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 days at 5 & 8. " Mrs. Dot." Tues., Oct. 30, 7.0. World Premiere " Third Person." Memis. 5s. ytly.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. Last perfs. " The Germans," to-night, Sat., and Sun., 7.30. Members only. " The Hawthorn Grove " opens Fri., Oct. 26.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Marx Bros. Season. Until Oct. 21: " Horse Feathers " (U), From Oct. 22: " Duck Soup " (U), " The River " (U), Chaplin's " Easy Street " (U).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Oct. 21, 7.30. " Veilles D'Armes " (A) (French).

NEW Era Film Club presents " That Others May Live," International prize-winner, Venice, 1948, "Berlin Youth Festival" showing British section, " London May Day, 1951," also Czech puppets, at St. Pancras Town Hall, Sun., Oct. 28, at 7 p.m. Members 2s., guests, 2s. 6d. Book early! Details, tickets and membership: A. Miller, 166 High Road, Tottenham, N.15.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Tuesday, October 23, 1951, 8 p.m. London County Council, in association with Ingpen and Williams, Ltd., present Quintetto Chigiano. Piano Quintet in D minor, Op. 57, Boccherini; Piano Quintet in F minor, Op. 34, Brahms; Piano Quintet in A, Op. 81, Dvorak. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., from Royal Festival Hall Box Office (WAT. 3191), adjacent to Waterloo Stn., York Rd. S.E.1, & usual Ticket Agents.

THE Singers in Consort will present a Recital for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Oct. 22, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

AMSTERDAM Duo (de Klijn-Heksch). R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Sun., Oct. 21, at 3. Violin-piano sonatas by Bach, Beethoven, Franck, Pijper. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., at door. Mgt. N. Choveaux.

PHILIP Lévi, pianist. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Thurs. next, at 8. Handel, Beethoven, Szymanowski, Ravel, Chopin. 3s., door. Mgt. N. Choveaux.

INTERNATIONAL Dance, Youth House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. Saturday 20th, at 8 p.m. Buffet. Adm. 1s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

ZWEMMER Gallery. Ganymed Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints, and First Showing of Ganymed Collographs by Henry Moore. 10-6 daily, inc. Sats., until Oct. 27. 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. (Near Cambridge Circus.)

ENGLISH Landscape Gardening of the 18th and early 19th centuries. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till Oct. 31. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission free.

WILLIAM Dobson. An Arts Council Exhibition. The Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 11. Wkdays. 10-6, Suns. 2-6. Adm. free.

IRVING Gallery, Irving St., Leicester Sq. English Drawings and Book Illustrations. Until Nov. 3.

EXHIBITION of paintings by Zubeida Agha of Pakistan, under the auspices of the All-Pakistan Women's Association, Trafford Gallery, 119 Mount St., W.1. Commencing October 24-November 9, 1951. Open daily 10-1 p.m. and 2.30-5 p.m.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. First London exhibition of Paintings and Gouaches by Mane-Katz. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings by Coque Martinez and Marguerite Chapuzet. Till Oct. 27, 10-5, except Sundays.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Paintings and Water Colours by Michel Kikoine. Water Colours by Z. Ertichman. Sculpture by Bruno Simon. Until Oct. 28. Mn.-Fri. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun. 2 p.m.-5 p.m.

PAINTED Textiles by Michael O'Connell. Paintings by Rachel Roxburgh and Phyl Waterhouse. Sat., Oct. 6, until Oct. 26. Open 11-6 daily, including Saturdays. A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., W.C.2.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1. Recent paintings by Pic, and Pen & Ink Drawings by " Scottie " Wilson.

SCANDINAVIAN Design for Living. An Exhibn. of new furniture and furnishings from Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Finland. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Crt. Rd., W.1.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. William Nicholson and Josef Herman.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. Recent Paintings by Eileen Agar. Drawings by Sigmund Politzer. Until November 3.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. New Paintings by Keith Vaughan and Marevna. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

BERKELEY Galls., 20 Davies St., W.1. Celadon Pottery & Porcelain by J. Walford.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

H. J. Blackham. " The Problem of Population." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Oct. 21, at 11 a.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

FABIAN Autumn Lectures: " Is This Socialism? " Note new dates: Tuesdays, Oct. 30, Nov. 6, 13, 20, 27, Dec. 4. John Strachey, Kingsley Martin, Mary Stocks, Walter Padley, Alex Comfort, Anthony Crosland. Livingstone Hall, S.W.1, at 7.15 p.m. Single Tickets 2s. 6d. & 4s., Series 10s. & 16s. Apply Fabian Society, 11, Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

CONFERENCE on " The Comprehensive School," Saturday, Nov. 3, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. 3-5 p.m. Inside the School; 6-8 p.m. The Social Context. Admission free. Details and speakers from the Ethical Union, 4a Inverness Place, W.2.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Oct. 21: Archibold Robertson, M.A. " The Idea of Nemesis." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Oct. 21: The Law Which Governs Cosmos.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Oct. 23, D. G. MacRae (London School of Economics): " Science as a Social Institution." Admission free. Collection.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain: Election Meeting at 52 Clapham High St., S.W.4. Sunday, October 21, 7.30 p.m. " The General Election and the Coming Crisis." Speaker: E. Wilmot. Admission free. Questions and discussion.

EGYPTIAN Education Bureau: 4 Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon St., W.1. Professor P. M. S. Blackett on " Pure and Applied Science and Human Welfare," 6 p.m., Wednesday, October 24. Admission free.

THE Science of the Bible. Lecture Fri., Oct. 26, 7 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, by Alice Barnett. Title: " The Adam Myth and its Purpose." Adm. free.

" AN Approach to Yoga." Mrs. Doris Groves. Sun., October 21, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m. Oct. 23: " Indian Psychology." All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Oct. 24, 6.30. " Mind-Body Relationship." Mr. W. A. Purfurst.

FARM Street Church, W.1 (entrance also in Mount St.). Conferences on " The Catholic Church and Freedom of the Mind," by F. Copleston, S.J. Wed., Oct. 24, 6.30, " The Catholic Church and Philosophy."

SOCIETY for Sex Education and Guidance. Eustace Chesser: " Introduction to Psychology." Wed., Oct. 24, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. (in Club Room at 7 p.m. Adm. free.

WEST African Arts Club. Poetry reading by Rosey E. Pool from American Negro poets, Langston Hughes, etc., and Pygmy poetry. A. Babalola on Yorubs poetry. Chairman Henry Swanzy. Discussion, refreshments. Oct. 26, 7.30 p.m. 1 Hans Cres., Knightsbridge. Non-members 1s. 6d.

CONTEMPORARY Art. 11 lectures by Dr. C. J. P. Hodin. Weekly at 6.15 p.m. Com. Nov. 8. Inc. fee for course Mems. £1. Non-mems. £2. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover Street, W.1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Oct. 27 at 6 p.m. W. J. Scott-Smith: " Background to Shakespeare."

GEORGE Padmore reports on 3 months' visit to the Gold Coast. Friends House, Small Meeting House, October 26, 7.30 p.m. All welcome. Admission 1s. Under auspices of West African Students' Union.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain Public Meeting, Oct. 22, 7.30. Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd., " This Dishonest Election." 3 speakers. Adm. free. Questions & discn.

" FOR Election Boycott—Against Rearmament." Public Meeting, Friday, October 19, 8 p.m. Paddington Town Hall (St. Mary's Square entrance), Harrow Road, W.2. J. Scott-Smith.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

" THE Place of Poetry." Course at Urchfont Manor, Nr. Devizes, Wiltshire, from November 12-16. Inclusive fee £3 10s. Details from and applications to The Warden.

EXPERIMENTAL painting & modelling week-ends at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. both for those who can and for those who think they can't but would like to. Oct. 26-28, Nov. 30-Dec. 2. Checkendon 221.

A CENTRE for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening Classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1. May. 4640, 3805.

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